THE RIVAL KINGS: OR THE LOVES OF Oroondates and Statira.

A TRAGÆDY.

Acted at the *THEATER-ROYAL.*

Written by Mr. *BANKES.*

Divesne Prisco natus ab Inacho,
Nil interest an Pauper, & infima
De gente sub dio moreris,
Victima nil miserantis Orci ——
Horat. Lib. 2. Ode 3.

LONDON,
Printed for *Langley Curtis* in Goat Court on *Ludgate-Hill*, 1677.

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OF

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Printed for Lawrence Cook in Cort Gourtenay

Lincoln-Hall, 1675.

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Victima nil miſerantis Orci——
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LONDON,
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POEMS
BY
BRIAN KING.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY

Katherine Herbert.

MADAM,

Ever till this time could I ſuſpect that it was an eaſier thing for me to be the Author of a Play, than to write this Dedication to my mind; but now I confeſſe, ſo awful is my Patroneſſe, and ſo humble and zealous my pretenſions in this kind, that unleſſe I could bring an offering that might far ſurpaſſe whatever has

went before it, I ſhould think it too mean for your acceptance; and for the reaſon that having been allow'd, and paſs'd the ſufferages of the moſt curious Criticks in the Theatre, I ſhould be the more unfortunate to be at laſt Shipwrack'd in the Haven, by an opinion of my Dedication, whereof ſome of the leading Wits in theſe times have been cenſur'd; how hard is it then for a young Writer to pleaſe this delicate Age, wherein every year the Wits ſtudy the faſhion of Language to refine, and alter it, as they do their Cloathes; and true it is, that 'tis another thing to write the ſence and ſpeeches of Heroes that are dead, and make 'em ſpeak as we pleaſe, govern'd by our fancy, then it is to reach the minds of thoſe illuſtrious Perſons that Poetry is forc'd to chooſe to be above its Judges, the Patrons of Wit: For in our Playes you read your own Characters, and they are at beſt but what we have gathered from you, who daily act among yourſelves in converſation, (in a lighter

Orb) what none of the greatest, and indeed Barbarous Courts could ever attain to; and good Poets are at the best but like bad Painters, that only shew you the shadowes of your selves, grosly daub'd, without imitating the least spark of the bright original. With what reverence and caution then ought I to approach you, Madam, whose Nobility and Vertue are in the Sanctuary of so divine a shape, that 'tis an excuse for all that see you to give their Souls no liberty to speak or think prophanely of you, but justly to be confin'd to admiration, and the whole World will say as well as I, that all that it has heard of Angels, are to be seen in you, and like them too, you are adorn'd with so heavenly a Spring of Youth, as if you were to blossome to Eternity, or as if you were indeed the secret Goddesse of Divine Nature disclos'd, that every year makes Vegetables grow, and all the Living receive a hidden and diffusive pleasure from her influence. You are the greatest blessing the Almighty has

design'd

design'd to that incomparable Person your Father as a Reward for his Justice and Loyalty in that most eminent Place, wherein Heaven, and the wisest Prince has set him, as the richest and most adorning Jewel of his Crown, and a continual and faithful Steward to this Nation, and no doubt, for its preservation and welfare, all England *as well as my self, does pray, that he may long live the worthy and indeared Servant of such a grateful and Royal Master. To you, Madam, therefore, before I conclude, I am to beg a protection for this worthless Poem, the product of some melancholly hours, and not of my business: And if perhaps I have in this my first undertaking, like a raw and unpractic'd Magician in his Art, rais'd to my self the envy of some malicious and troublesome Spirits, which I have not the skill nor courage to lay, I have therefore wisely invok'd you for my Deitie: for neither Criticks nor Devils, I am sure, can presume to hurt me in that Circle, which your Name*

has

has guarded and made ſacred. Let the modeſty of the Stile make an atonement for the meanneſſe of the Language, and if your throughly diſcerning judgement, and beauteous Eyes, like the Sun, diſcover motes and ſpots in what you read, you have clemency and goodneſſe in abundance to forgive them, and impute 'em to the inartificial dreſſe of a Virgin Muſe; in my next ſhe may appear more curious. I bring in my behalf to the Conqueror of the World, to lay before your feet, the greateſt Man that ever was, who, were he living, would become a Rival to his dear Epheſtion, *amd behold in your Perſon, as well the ſweet, ſerene, and obliging Innocence of* Pariſatis, *as the more lofty and Imperial Graces of his* Statira. *This great Man, Madam, the Author of the famous* Caſſandra *thought never to be equall'd, but in the perſon of the moſt exquiſite of Lovers, him therefore he has rais'd in the Character of* Oroondates, *to be a Rival to the mighty* Alexander *in the Romance, and here I*

have brought him to be ſo in you, and the rather, becauſe I prefer him to the likeneſſe of the young, hopeful, and gallant Partner of your ſelf, which I pray he may never ceaſe to be, but early anticipate the extraordinary expectations of Mankind, and crown you with greater happineſſe then Fame and Fancy have yet created in the minds of the moſt Heroick Lovers. This, and whatever increaſes your felicity ſhall be the perpetual wiſhes of, Madam,

Your moſt Humble

and Obedient Servant

JOHN BANKES.

PROLOGUE.

FOrget how you were serv'd last time, and pray
Be kind this once——
To a modest Prologue and a modest Play,
Dreading your anger poor deluded Tray
Has slip'd his Collar, and is run away.
Jo. Haynes *himself, that shew'd us this dog-trick*
Has left us all of your displeasure sick.
To th' Ladies now the Author by me speaks,
A just admirer of your gallant Sex;
He is your Poet, and a Lover too,
For chiefly he design'd this Play for you;
If you can find but in it Love or Wit,
He vowes he can cut love what he has writ:
Bids me remember e're you be displeas'd,
How with Cassandra's *fam'd Romance ye were pleas'd;*
How many nights 't has kept you long awake,
Nay and have wept for Oroondates *sake.*
When so good natur'd to him, but in thought,
Be but so kind where he himself has brought.
For your new Poet next I must implore;
Dash not his hopes of this on any score;
For if you do——
He is so modest he will write no more.
Disperse the stormes with your fair smiles and eyes,
That from the rage of Blustring Criticks rise;
And as the Tempest gathers in the Pit
Let the bright Boxes beams then scatter it.

Fer-

Persons Represented.

Alexander the Great
Ephestion a Youth extreamly belov'd by him.
Lysimachus
Cassander } Great Captains.
Phillip
Oroondates King of *Scythia.*
Araxis his Confident.
Bagistanes a Persian left Governour of *Babilon* by *Alexander.*

Statira
Parisatis } *Darius* Daughters.
Melanthe, Woman to *Statira.*
Women and Attendants.

Anbassadours.
Priests.
Guards.
Captains.

The Scene *Babylon.*

THe Reader is desir'd to take notice of, and pardon the Errata's of the Printer in this Play, the reason was that the Author going into the Country, and leaving no other than a foul Copy in the Stationers hands did order every Sheet to be sent down to him to correct before it went further in the Press, which was promis'd to be done.

PAg.2.l.1.r.*treason*.l.28.r.*stream*. p.3.l.34.r.*one*. p. 4.l.2.r.*sate*.l.ult.*swoone*. p. 8.l.36.r.*hast*. p.11.l.24.r.*wondring*. p.16.l.35.r.*tel*. p.17.l.2.r.*t' relume*.p,10. l.7.*lovely*.l.12.*Spheres*.l.26.*me*.p.20.l.11.*Cassandra*.l.22.*just flying*.l.24 *say*.p.25. l.7.*had*. p.26.l.19.*adorn*.l.23.*unbridle*. l.26.*conjeal'd*. l.27.*large*.p.27.l.8.*O*.p.28. l.7.*bird*.l.22.*be*. l.32.*debts*. p.30.l.13.*pour*. p,32 l.23.*Sir*. 2.l.of the Act *concern*. p.33.l.25.*nightly*. p.35.l.4.*and*. l.33,*bodies*. l.36.*Stars*, for *the* r. *ith'*. p.36.l.21 *like*. p.39.l.ult.*sunk*. p.40.l.15.*and*.l.44.*pry*. p.41.l.31.*dares*. p.42.l.16. *forsakes*. p.43.l.34.*Cydnus*. p,45.l.19.*they'l not*. p.48.l.38.*thou*.p.50.l.5.*one*.l.43.*proud*. p. 51.l.10. for *two* r.*the*. l.36.*us*. p.52.l.20.*through*.

THE

THE RIVAL KINGS

Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter as newly arriv'd Lysimachus, Cassander, *Officers, and attendance, in State.*

Lys. FROM *Ganges*, and beyond *Nyle's* secret Bed,
Strange conquer'd Nations have *Euphrates* spread,
By Heavens eternal Power, ordain'd to meet
In the Worlds center, and it's Royal Seat.
From other Parts whilest succours bend their course,
You bring from *Greece*, the Foot to re-inforce,
And I from *Thrace*, five thousand Winged Horse.
So the great Sea maintains it's swelling Pride
By lesser streams, that thither daily glide;
All things contribute to this mighty King,
To *Alexander* flowing, leave their Spring,
And Aids from the remotest Places bring.
Cas. We but appear like Day break after Night,
Where e're He comes, he fills the Skye with light.
So the base Moon does oft Eclipse the Sun,
And shade that Beauty, whence her light begun.
He sends us forth, like *Nylus* in a Floud,
To drown the World, and Court him with the good.
Lys. Fill'd with success, he is luxurious grown,
And gluts with Blood, his cruel wanton Throne.
The News you tell me of *Phylotas* Death,
If true, who after him can hope for breath?
Is't possible! Repeat it yet again ——
Ye Gods! The Son of bold *Parmenio* slain!
Cas. This News, the Great *Parmenio* as a Friend,
T' *Antipater* my Father did commend:

His fault was, he did *Dymnus* Treasure hide,
So that for that he ne're believ'd he Dy'd.
Lys. Of *Dymnus* fond conspiracy, I've heard,
But never thought *Phylotas* so deserv'd.
Cas. Had that been sought, *Phylotas* might have stood;
Till his known Innocence had sav'd his Blood;
But what bold Creature in the Forrest dare
With the stout Lyon in his Hunting chase?
His Generals, Friends, and all Obnoxious stand,
To be pick'd out for Death at his Command;
But for my Sufferings, more than Death I grieve;
In my lost Fame, he buried me alive:
You and the World did witness my disgrace,
When that base blow he struck upon the Face,
I wish that I had Dy'd in *Clytus* place;
I Travel with the Weight ——
Lys. Cassander hold ——
You were too blame, and *Clytus* was too bold.
Cas. Have done *Lysimachus*, there is a smother'd shame,
When thus fomented breaks into a flame;
I had a Thunder-Bolt as well withstood,
And cherish'd lightning in my vital blood.

Enter to them Bagistanes.

Bag. Fresh News o'retake the former on the way,
And all confirm the King will come to day.
Shrill joyful Clamours, which the Clouds involve,
Peirce through the Air, and o're our Heads dissolve,
And near *Euphrates*, all their Trumpets sound,
Slide down the Streams, and from our Walls rebound.
Lys. The News is great, and welcome that we hear.
Bag. But o're our Sun does a thick Cloud appear,
That makes his glorious body shine less clear.
As oft in multitudes of Shouts ascend
A loud and goodly noise, till at the end,
Some single voice behind, does flagging lye,
And Robs the whole, of it's full harmony. ——
Lys. I interrupt you —— Is the King in health —— ?
Bag. He is, but he ha's lost his greatest wealth,
A treasure, that the Gods did envy him.
Lys. If that be all, he will be rich again.
Bag. Ah, but this loss, he never will redeem. ——
The Gen'ral of the World, *Parmenio*'s slain.
Lys. Parmenio dead! ——
Cas. What slain! By what bold man?

Bag. By that bold Man, that only dares, and can.
Lyſ. Does *Alexander* thus tranſplant, to ſave
His fading Lawrels on *Parmenio*'s Grave?
We'rt thou the Son of *Philip*, not of *Jove*,
Thou hadſt not thrown away this Token of his Love,
Nor hadſt thy ſelf of ſo much Power bereft,
With thy right Arm to have cut off thy left.
Caſ. A man ſo great, that in his Fathers time,
Winning too many Battels was his Crime.
Bag. His truſty ſlave, who by this Act is freed,
Is hither come, that ſaw *Parmenio* bleed,
In his own Garden, where he us'd to breath
Pure Air for Life, he trod the paths of Death.
Four of the Guard the Gen'ral thus ſalute,
Hail mighty Captain, and of moſt repute;
The Monarch of the World, theſe Letters ſends
To great *Parmenio*, his beſt of Friends.
The good Old man, ſo much o'rejoy'd to ſee
His Maſters Love, receiv'd e'm on his Knee.
Seal'd with his Blood, which he unkowing Tore
Giving the Murderers ſign to let out more:
Thoſe but ſuppli'd their Maſters will in part,
The reſt they did ingrave upon his Heart,
Which with a dagger from his breaſt they drein'd,
And all with Blood the Treacherous paper ſtain'd.
The Ink, the colour of that black deſign,
Bluſh'd that it did in ſuch a Treaſon joyn:
Thus the bold Lyon taken by ſurprize,
Was like a Lamb offer'd to ſacrifice.
Caſ. Why do ye Gods of *Mans* misfortunes boaſt?
And make us *Heroes* at our own lives coſt.
Th' extreameſt height in which we hope to live
Is but of Honours breath an empty Sound,
Or like a Star, on ſudden ſhoot we give,
Then fall an empty Vapour on the Ground.
Ingrateful *Alexander*, has now repaid
Thoſe many Fights, ne're won but by his Aid.
Lyſ. Forbear *Caſſander*, you o're reach your Sence,
Whom the Gods own, pay him obedience.
How bleſt were Thouſands ſuch as Thee and I,
To be his ſteps to mount on Victory!
You might, but *Bagiſtanes* not have known,
When *Philip* to augment the Gods was gone,
The *Grecian* Cities did with Joy depend,
That with his life their bondage ſhoul'd have end,
And to the Oracle of *Delphos* ſend;

Where in a rage th' auſpitious God reply'd,
Urge not to know, what's to your Fates deny'd;
A greater far than *Philip* yet remains,
Whoſe godlike arm ſhall hold the World in Chains.
Caſſ. Were he a God he ſhould have kept his Seat,
Not grieve the World with his immortal weight.
He from the Gods is like a Fury hurld,
To glut their anger on the raviſh'd World:
Lyſ. Ceaſe, You neglect the duty of your place.——
Haſte, and draw out the Horſe I brought from *Thrace*,
And Macedonian foot, which you obey,
And with your armed Ranks incloſe the way;
Guard every path, where the Worlds Favourite comes.
Fly high your ſtandards, and provoke your drums.-- *Exit. Caſſander*
But e're you go I'le to your breaſt impart
A Story of which no Mortal bears a part } to *Bagiſt.*
But that bright Excellence of all my heart.
You know my Princeſs to whoſe charmes I owe
The pureſt love, Ith' ſtrangeſt manner too;
A birth ſo ſtrange beyond the reach of Fame.
Bag. I long to hear, that I may know her name.
Lyſ. In the laſt fight in which the ſtronger ſide
The World arraign'd, and in that Battle try'd;
When Victory half glutted with the dead,
Whetted her Rage again on thoſe that fled:
Aloft ſhe led us where ſhe laid her Brood,
O're hills of Heroes, and through Seas of blood;
At laſt, as proud that ſhe had ſeiz'd the Prey,
Flew ſtill before us, and proclaim'd the day.
Bag. Too well I knew, what that days Act can boaſt,
The Fame you won, and what *Darius* loſt.
Lyſ. The Battle done, by *Alexander* ſent,
I to *Darius* rich Pavilion went.
Who like a Merchant in a ſtorme of Sea,
To ſave his Life had thrown his Crown away,
And all his riches both of love and power,
Strew'd in the way to ſtop the Conquerour.
But oh misfortune! I too early came,
And found the Tent abandon'd in a flame,
Gaz'd on by Beauties, that with mournful Cryes,
Call'd *Pariſatis*! O ye Gods! She dies!
I heard no more, but like a whirlwind bruſh'd
The flakes away, and through the Flames I ruſh'd,
Where I beheld this Goddeſs on the floor,
Yielding to flames, that did her eyes adore,
In a dark ſwoond, and yet her form ſo bright,

Her glorious beauty dazel'd all the light.
I took this sacred burthen in one arm,
And with the other scattered every harm;
The Fire recoil'd, and hung upon the wall,
Bowing its conquer'd head, and down did fall:
Like the bright Taper, it did soon decay,
That lost its splendor at the sight of day.

Bag. What then you Gods, did you of her decree?

Lys. Ask not of her, but what became of me?
Thus, big with all the treasure of the Earth,
I blest her Mother with her second Birth.
Surpris'd at this, she then with joy did weep;
And call'd her senses back from deadly sleep;
As from behind a Cloud the Sun displayes,
And kills the sight with unexpected rayes,
So from this cloud of death her Spirits stole,
And through her eyes they shot into my Soul.
My Passions tale, I had not time to say,
Nor she her sense of gratitude to pay.
For *Alexander*, like a storm did come,
And bore me off, when I was ne're at home.
The rest you know——
When he *Statira* to himself has joyn'd,
She for his lov'd *Ephestion* is design'd:
Judge then, when such a Rival I persue,
If I han't need of such a Friend as you.

Enter to them Parisatis *and* Melanthe: *attended.*

Bag. You shall command me, while I have a heart——
Lys. See where she comes, that makes my Manhood start,
The fairest object in the World, I fear.
Par. Lysimachus, with *Bagistanes* here! [*aside.*
The News is great, that sayes our glorious Sun
This day lights in the King of *Macedon.*——
My Sister, *Bagistanes*, thinks it fit,
You'd see her e're you *Alexander* meet.
Bag. I'le haste, and pay my duty at her feet. [*Exit* Bagistanes.
Par. I am surpris'd; I know not what to say,
I'me loath to go, and yet I should not stay. [*Aside.*
Forgive me, Sir, to whom I so much owe,
My blushes hide the gratitude I'de show,
Y're welcome and with joy my bosome fill,
But welcome to *Darius* Daughter still. [*Offers to go off.*
Lys. Stay, Noble Princess, stay, my life to save;
I have no merits, but to be your slave; [*Kneels.*

Thus

Thus I entreat, and I cou'd do no more,
If you your Fathers Crown, and Titles wore,
Thus as a Saint does to the Altar bow;
Par. Riſe, Gallant Souldier, and I'le hear you now;
Since you *Lyſimachus* ſo much have done,
I cannot but ſome gentle pity own,
And yet 'twere better, I that death had dy'd,
Than in my Fathers ruin to divide.——
Talk any thing, but let me beg you then,
Talk not of Love, when I muſt chide agen.
Lyſ. How doubly wretched was my Love that time,
Which up to you did on your ruin climb;
Then ſhew'd you that which you had dy'd to ſhun,
How we *Darius* Crown and Kingdomes won.
What more to plague me could my Fate have done!
Well may you then that fatal love deſpiſe,
That ſav'd your life for *Alexanders* prize.
Par. Lyſimachus, I blame not what you did,
But I cou'd wiſh you wou'd your Paſſion hide.
Cou'd I *Darius* life but call again,
With all the Pompe and glory of his Reign,
I would your love before a Kings poſſeſs,
And with a Crown creat your happineſs;
But of a Priſ'ner never this require,
She'd make you happier than you cou'd aſpire;
And ſince the Gods have ſo reſtrain'd my hand,
In *Alexanders* chains I more demand,
Than if all *Perſia* were at my command.
Lyſ. The Crown you mean you wont go far to take;
'Twill be brought to you for *Epheſtion*'s ſake.
When *Alexander* all the World ſhall lead,
A Preſent to *Statira*'s Nuptial Bed,
He'le ſcorn in ſingle happineſs to live,
But will her Siſter to *Epheſtion* give;
And then to make your happineſs the more,
He will all *Perſia* to your wiſh reſtore.
Par. His proffer'd Kingdomes I ſhould then deſpiſe,
And ſcorn to take them, though at any Price;
The Worlds too little to be giv'n to me,
Unleſs preſented, as my mind is, free.
Though with that off'ring I a God ſhould loſe,
A bleſſing ſo impos'd I would refuſe.
Lyſ. If not a God, he's of ſuch fleſh and blood
Would tempt a Goddeſs to be ſoft and good;
Adorn'd like Summer, and ſo bluſhing gay,
In *Agril* youth, with Cheeks like blooming *May*.

All

All the day long he'l bless you with his sight,
And like the Hony-Suckle breath at night.
Par. This Beauteous Animal, so like the Spring
Will soon, like that, decay, and Winter bring——
I should be loth he should my hopes beguile,
And tarry with me but a Summers while,
Let Gods possess his heavenly beauty then;
We Women only were ordain'd for men.
Lys. You've said enough to shew your noble mind;
Yet greatest Courages may be confin'd.
What will you do in that unlucky hour
Of this Mans Love, and *Alexanders* Power?
When you are lifted up to such a hight,
I shew so little almost out of sight.
Par. Now y'are too blame *Lysimacus*. For know,
That *Parisatis*, though she be so low,
Yet every thing's too mean for her desire,
And then her self she can't be lifted higher.
I ne're shall from my constant temper fly,
Unless to loose the knot your jealousie wou'd tie.——
Begone, begone,—— I'le hear no more to day;
I think too well of you to let you stay:
Seek not for Love, where he in private lies:
For he has wings, and then away he flies.——
Haste, meet the Conqueroun.——
Lys. I go, I go——
And all obedience to your will I'le shew. [*Exit* Lysimachus.
Par. Chide me, *Melanthe*, Art not thou afraid,
That I to shew my thanks too much have said;
And yet my forward gratitude I chide,
For fear a Love should under it lie hid.
At this admir'd example thou wert by,
When others fled, and with me chose to die.
Mel. Had you but seen with what a gust 'e came;
How like a God he chas'd away the flame;
You would have thought him after all was lost,
Darius Genius, or his happy Ghost.
Par. Yet he was forc'd, by honour carry'd on,
Which e're destroy'd ten thousand would have done.
To some great Spirits Fortune is unkind,
To hide occasions they would gladly find;
My safety by the Powers above was meant,
He first i'th' way, was on the errand sent.
[*Enter to them* Araxis.
Good Gods! Is it *Araxis* I behold!
How came you hither? How were ye so bold?

Araxis

Arax. Ask not, since I am *Oroondates* slave,
The greatest Lover, and of men most brave:
What is there, but a man like him can do,
Inspir'd with Love, and so much valour too?
Rouz'd with the Noise that *Alexander* brings,
Away his fears like drowzy thoughts he flings:
Awake *Araxis* say's he; let us haste,
And pay this visit, which may be our last.
The Worlds my Rival, and with glittering shew,
Does at *Statira*'s Feet in triumph bow.
We 'rose, and soon deceiv'd the Watchful throng,
Saying we did to some Ambassadour belong;
Then to the Garden hurri'd by his flame,
I, and the Prince, the best of Lovers came;
He like a Noble Deer that long had pin'd
In Sandy Plains, but cou'd no Water find;
Till seeing a wanton stream through Meadowes play,
O're Gaps, and hedges thither makes his way:
Thus ne're a Fountain sate this Lover down,
The which *Statira*'s Window seem'd to Crown:
Blest stream, sai's he (and then his Tears ran o're,
Like drops of Pearl upon the Christal shore)
If my *Statira* of thy saltness hears,
Ah tell her, it was *Oroondates* tears.——

[*Enter to them* Oroondates.

See where this wretched Lover comes.——
Par. 'Tis he!——
I am amaz'd at what you told, and what I see.
Oroon. The Sun approaches, and a plot hath laid
To cover *Oroondates* with his shade,
And when his glories with your beauties joyn,
You and *Statira* in his Court shall shine.
Not see me first! I have the cause admir'd,
And have the reason of the Gods requir'd:
Ah whither is my angry Queen retir'd?
Par. Oh stay not; *Alexanders* Trumpets sound,
aste *Oroondates*, 'tis forbidden Ground.
Oroon. Let Cowards tremble at his mighty voice;
My brain's too steddy to be turn'd with noise:
No earth is hurtful that she's pleas'd to grace;
I'de run to meet her though in any place;
On any ground where *Alexander* trod,
And dare behold him, were he twice a God.
Par. Brave man, whose fault is, that thy soul's too great,
That scorning fear, neglects it's mortal seat,
And whilest your lofty spirit soars too high,

Views not the Precepice beneath your eye.
Look back, from this unhappy place remove;
Haste, and preserve the greatest stock of Love.
Oroon. I cannot till she does my burthen light;
My Loves so great, I stagger with the weight.
Par. You stay too long, and do your fate suborn.
Oroon. I have no fate; no threatning but her scorn.
Par. Shoul'd I but let *Statira* know ye'are here,
You wou'd be threatned by the scorn you fear; ——
To save your Life, she wou'd with Love debate,
And rather be unkind to you, then to your fate.
Oroon. Ah gentle half of my much better part,
She cannot end my Life with greater smart:
To wrack me thus! 'twere better I shou'd try
Ten thousand deaths, than alwayes thus to dye:
If she won't see me now the Skye is clear,
What will she do when thickening Clouds appear?
When *Alexander* Thunders with his Drums;
Where will she find me when that Torrent comes?
Par. The Guards are set, and *Bagistanes* gone;
She cannot now be seen with you alone.
If she obey the dictates of her mind,
She soon will see you in a garb that's kind: ——
Go best of men, I dare no more be seen. [*offers to go off.*
Oroon. Stay charming Sister of my beauteous Queen ——
If you go to her, tell her, I am driv'n
By *Alexander* from my blessed Heaven,
And to the bottome of despair declines;
We too can ne're in one *Horizon* shine;
There like the Sun, I'le lay me down at Night,
And drown in sorrowes all my past delight. ——
Tell her, some God, whiles slumber seals her Eyes,
How pittifully *Oroondates*, lies;
That in kind feeling of the Tears I shed,
She come like *Thetis* to my wat'ry Bed.
Par. All this, and more, my Tears from Yours shall plead.
[*Exeunt Parisatis* and *Melanthe.*
Oroon. The Gods renoun your Charitable deed.
Araxis, come, my hopes of this dayes Fate,
The business of my Life and Soul create.
Arax. Let's watch it then, and mingle with the shew;
Hid in the Croud, we unperceiv'd may go.
Oroon. Look down, O mighty Love; behold thy flame
Swallow'd, and burri'd, in the Conquerours Name:
In vain thou shoot'st, and aim'st at faithful hearts,
When he sustains, and shivers all thy Darts:

While his Ambition does new worlds run o're,
He'le bind thy fury, and revenge thy power. [*Exeunt omnes.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Alexander, Epheſtion Lyſimachus, Caſſander, Philip, Bagiſtanes, *and Captains in great State.*

Alex. THUS far with Thirſt of fame we have deſcry'd.
The modeſt World that wou'd her ſecrets hide,
And track'd her where ſhe to the Ocean ran.
Diving her head under the ſpacious Main,
Till a remoter World ſhe riſe again.
Thither in hollow Trees with Wings we flew,
And left old Countries to diſcover New;
Nations by Nature taught, and diſtant ſo,
Beyond the reach of any mortal Fo;
Dwelling in Tents, unus'd to civil power,
And having nought t'inrich a Conquerour,
Fly where their ſtock of Land can ne're be ſpent,
Finding no End of their vaſt Continent,
Leaving behind them for the Victors gains,
Famine, and Plagues, Rewards for fruitleſs pains.

Lyſ. The Gods, Great *Alexander*, thought it fit
The vanquiſh'd World ſhou'd to your Arms ſubmit,
When in a dream they did *Olympia* ſhew,
She to a God did her conception owe.
This Fame told loudly to the amazed Earth,
What they ſhould look from ſuch a wondrous birth.

Caſ. Firſt haughty *Greece*, which *Philip* ne're cou'd Yoke,
Her Proudeſt Cities Necks bends to your Stroke:
Then all that ſide *Euphrates* joyn with them
To gain for you the *Perſian* Diadem;
This with three Battels from *Darius* won,
Was but one ſtep to Mount your mighty Throne.
Then with ſuch ſpeed on Conqueſts Wings we got,
Riſe with the Sun, and met it where it ſate;
Nothing to hinder us, but by the way
We took bold *Tyre*, that's built upon the Sea;
And Mountains big with Woods we tumbled down,
That frighted *Neptune* from his Royal Town.

Phil. We ſought fierce Nations, nouriſh'd up with damps,
Whom Rocks of Ice immur'd in frozen Camps;

With

With shouts we made the trembling Earth to sweat,
Loosing the shackles from it's tender Feet,
Which soon R ell'd, and us did onward lead
To catch those fish that on the Land did breed.
Lys. From thence we pass'd to th' Suns beloved Soyl,
To utmost *India*, and those Nations foyl,
Till we were stopp'd by Heav'n, and Natures tyes.
Huge Furniture, and Arms of mighty size
We scatter'd here and there to take all Eyes,
And make the World to come beleive, and shew
The Souls were great that did those Bodies owe.
Cas. Great Son of *Philip*, do not then begin
Vain and imaginary Worlds to win;
All that there is, is subject to your sway;
Bless then in Peace, Sir, this your early day.
The Gods to you at thirty years have given,
More then the greatest *Heroes* boast in Heaven.
Eph. Forget not, Sir, the time you were so bold,
When clad in Armour made of shining Gold,
As on the *Oxydracon*'s Wall you fought,
Thence like a Star into the Town you shot;
And aw'd the People with a Godlike Frown;
Who thought from Heav'n, that *Mars* himself leap'd down.
At awful distance stood the wandring Croud,
Let fall their Arms, and call'd thee God aloud.
Phil. Live then, great Sir, to dissipate our fears,
And Chronicle your self a thousand years.
No more in vain your precious minutes shed,
Tempting the Fates to think y'ar Mortal bred
Capt. Great Son of *Jove* ——
Alex. Confusion seize thy tongue ——
I'le hear no more of such a *Syren*'s Song.
To *Clytus* death I owe a deadly shame;
Swell'd with a Sound, and poyson'd with a Name
I hurt my self, and madly was to blame.
What canst not thou *Ephestion* bear a part,
And share of dangers where thou sharest a heart.
Shall a few Creatures whom we found abroad
In Beds of Snow, which with our breath we thaw'd?
And feather'd *Indians*, who before they bled,
Like flocks of Birds before our Eagles fled;
Small Trophies there we got, or here can get;
Shall this suffice to gain the Name of great;
Stain to our Armies, we have no Conquest won,
If we do lye at ease at *Babylon*,
And shrink at Glory e're we put it on.

Eph. I'll on, while your Example I behold
With wonder, which ſhall like a fixed Star
Direct my wandring Youth, till I am Old,
And guide my ſoul in peace, and Armes in War.
Alex. Millions of pleaſures on *Euphrates* lye,
Swelling her Bankes with plagues of luxury;
They more than all the dangers you withſtood
Will dant your Courages, and chill your blood.
You ſee her guilded Tow'rs, and Turrets pride,
But they come ſhort of beauties that they hide.
Eph. Beauty I've heard, the Gods did firſt ordain
To cheriſh Valour and reward it's payn:
This hea'ven born Creature for your entrance ſtayes
To deck with plumes of love your guilded *Bayes.*
Caſs. The Armyes all muſt on your Center more;
This time is ſacred both to you and love;
When you lye downe 'tis fit that war ſhou'd ceaſe,
And treate you with an univerſal peace.
Bag. Thus humbly I my mighty charge reſigne, [Bag. *kneells*
Darius Empire, and his Royal Line.
Retire, great Sir, and all your hopes poſſeſſe,
Adorne your Conqueſts with loves happineſs.
The bleſt *Statira* does her ſelf prepare,
To weave you Chaplets of her Golden haire.
Alex. Tell her I waite, and only for her ſtay
To Crowne the Triumph of this happy day. [exit *Bag:*
Now my *Epheſtion*, guard thy tender Breaſt;
I'll ſhew thee halfe wherewith my ſoul is bleſt.
Eph. What need I ſhun whereof I am poſſeſt?
In *Athens* late you nip'd my forward growth.
And from my tender ſtudies broke my Youth;
Then call'd me to you from my Country far
To waite upon you, and to teach me War.
In Battailes toiles, when you the day had ſpent,
You'd take me to you private in your Tent;
There, as to ſhelter in ſome ſilent grove,
You'd ſhut me in, and tell me tales of Love.
Your charming tongue did ope my breaſt ſo wide,
Love ſhot in ſhafts, on which himſelf did ride:
When on *Statira's* Picture you wou'd look,
Faire *Pariſatis* forme from you I tooke.
Alex. What I then told thee did but breed deſire,
Which her bright Eyes will kindle into fire:
Thou but indur'dſt the ſkirmiſh of a Fight.
I touch'd thy Breaſt, but ſhe will kill thee quite.
Eph. Wou'd ſhe wou'd come: I long to be thus ſlayn;

For ought that I know, 'tis a pleaſant pain:
Yet if to be in love, ſo mortal be,
What makes ſo many happy, that we ſee?
Alex. Such are, whom love a kind acceptance ſhowes,
Your Fate by chance may make you one of thoſe ——
Behold how theſe faire Goddeſſes appear! ——
Eph. O Gods! But which is ſhe that I muſt feare?

Enter to them Statira, Pariſatis, *Women*, Bagiſtanes *and attendants at one door, and* Oroondates, *and* Araxis, *at another door, at ſome diſtance.*

Oroo. Here we will ſtand, and dare the worſt of fate, [*to* Ar. *aſide.*
She cannot find us in this throng of ſtate,
Alex. So Venus look'd, ſo Venus ſmote from far
The Iron boſome of the God of War;
So look's the Sun, ſo the ſpring ſweetly ſmiles,
When the cold deadly Winter it beguiles;
Thus welcome is the day into his ſight,
Whomany years was baniſh'd from the light.
Let me preſume to touch this ſacred hand,
As Marriners, when they the Port have gain'd,
Do bleſs the ſhore, and kiſſe the welcome Land.
My Crimes of War have made me guilty come
To chooſe from you a ſoft, and gentle doome.
Sta. Hold *Alexander*, tempt me not in Vain; ——
Behold the blood that does your Enſignes ſtain.
Is not this *Perſia*? did not all this State,
Before 'twas yours, on great *Darius* waite?
Is not the ſweet and cleer *Araxis* Flood
Choak'd with dead Bodyes, poyſon'd with their blood?
Crown'd with this purple horrour on thy head,
Do I not bluſh to ſee thee looke ſo red?
Alex. When firſt your Country felt my angry Armes,
They ſtraight were pleaſ'd at faire *Statira's* charmes,
And ſoon were ſorry for the blood they ſpilt,
And ſought abroad to waſh away the Guilt.
That for one Kingdom from *Darius* torne,
I'll ſacrifice an hundred to your ſcorne.
Sta. Thoſe ner'e can come from petty *Macedon*;
Thou bring'ſt and giv'ſt me, what is not thy owne;
And all your borrow'd glory but appeares
Deck'd with the Flaggs pull'd from my Fathers herſe.
Alex. What have I done, ye Gods? To ſee you frowne,
Is more to me, than you to looſe a Crowne.
Sta. No fatal Monarch, ſtill your Crimes perſue,

You are their darling, can't commit a fact,
They have *Darius* puniſh'd, and not you,
And ſcourge the world for all the wrongs you act.
Eph. Ah gentle Goddeſſe, be not angry now;
Diſperſe the ſtorm that hangs upon your brow,
Which o're your beauty ſuch diſturbance ſeems,
As windes create on ſmooth and Chriſtal ſtreams.
Vouchſafe that I your ſiſter may adore,
And give a heart that was deſign'd before;
But let me beg you wou'd not be ſevere,
And in her frownes, as you in Beauties ſhare.
Alex. Still I preſume unhappy, to be kind,
That *Pariſatis* for my Friend deſign'd ——
Let it be ſaid the leaſt of all my faults,
To give *Epheſtion* to your kindeſt thoughts — [*preſents* Eph. *to* Par.
More then a Crown he on his head ſhall bring,
He is my Favourite, more than twice a King.
Par. I muſt beleive the Man y'are pleas'd to grace,
May well deſerve within my breaſt a place.
Lyſ. O Gods! What diſcord was there in that Voice!
She ſeemes to me as if ſhe lik'd the choice. [*aſide,*
Sta. You are Ambitious to diſpoſe of Fate,
And King for Love, and Love for Kings create;
So as y'ave ſlic'd, and given the world in parts,
You'd take upon you to diſpoſe of hearts;
That you new Empires to the old might gain,
You'd rule ore love, as you o're kingdomes raign.
Alex. 'Tis an Ambition that from you I take,
To become great, and only for your ſake.
I'le dedicate to Love my laſting Toyls,
And crowd his guilded Temples with rich ſpoiles;
His Altars ſhall with blood of Kings run o're,
And their loſt Crowns, and Scepters fill his Store.
Sta. You give ſo much, your ſelf ſeemes but the leſs;
You hide your Merits in this gawdy dreſs:
Love ne're will ſtoop to any thing, but Love;
The world may flatter me, but 'twill not move;
Love is too rich a jewel to be bought,
'Twill only be in 'its own likeneſs ſought.
Alex. Thoſe Ornaments to Love are iuſtly due,
Who gave them as rewards for loving you;
As he that wins the Prize at publique Playes
Offers his God the Garland of his Bayes.
Sta. You ſeek your Love in great and horrid formes,
As Sun ſhine dayes are met by dreadful ſtormes;
Your rav'nous Eagles in the Feild increaſe,

Like Birds of prey, to rob this Dove of peace;
Alex. I'l scatter this Contagion, whilst it flies,
Like Clouds of Insects driven before your Eyes:
I will my self of power, and Armes divest,
And Love shall then in peace, and glory rest.
All that *Darius* held, I will restore,
And leave my self, without your favour poor;
I'll give you all that's in my power to give,
Yet after all, let *Alexander* live.
Sta. Ah Monarch! Thou canst never end this strife,
Till thou restor'st me to a Fathers life;
His Kingdomes I shall never wish to have,
And build my throne upon a Fathers Grave:
Had not those Trophies on his Death began,
I'de think the world has not a braver Man.
Oroo. O Gods *Araxis*, did you hear!
Alex. That you may see, how much his Death I grieve,
I'll Crown his head, as if he were alive,
And in the richest seat of *Babylon*,
The world shall to his Golden Statue run,
And pay more homage, then they do the Sun
Sta. Desist that kindness; for 'tis only meant
To make thy pride his fatal Monument,
And let the world perceive by such a shew,
That a great God did to thy Fortune bow.
Why does thy Breast with such Ambition burn?
Cannot his life, and Empire serve thy turn?
Letting him rest within his silent Urne.
Alex. All powers on Earth are subject still to Fate;
Empires, as well as Men have sudden date.
The Gods look'd down that held the Fate of Kings,
And bad me one, and Arm'd me with their stings,
'Twas they, not I, your Fathers death decreed,
And they ordain'd I shou'd in all succeed.
Sta. The Gods have us'd thee but for punishment,
And soon will end those plagues themselves have sent.
The Gods thou mak'st the Authors of thy pride,
Who n'er consented, that thou shoud'st divide,
And snatch the husband from his woeful Bride,
Then tare the Orphans from their parents Eyes.
Which ne're can grace, but blush at Victories.
To us thou shewst the Earth, yet holdest the Rains,
Darius Daughters are not pleas'd in gawdy Chaines
No *Alexander*, yet too low thou art,
Mounted on all the world, to reach my heart.
Oroo. Great God of Love thou hast thy pity shown, [*aside*

Exeunt.

Exeunt Statira, Parisatis, *and women, and* Oroondates *following at distance. Manent* Alexander *and the rest.*

Araxis, waite you here ———
Eph. Will you be gone? ———
Alex. Persia had stood, had its tame Heroes been
But blest with so much spirite as this Queen. ——
Well, now, *Ephestion*, have you found it true,
Women are worse than Armies to subdue?
The skye is not so faire, nor downe so soft,
But their hard hearts, are on the Anvile wrought.
Eph. But *Parisatis* sure, is all divine,
And cannot Sir, to cruelty incline:
Yet I am sad, but 'tis not that I feare
Her tender soul, but that she loves elsewhere.
Alex. You must not think she will at first obleige;
Women, like Townes, hold out a longer siege.

Enter one of the Captaines.

Capt. The world does to great *Alexander* send
All Nations proud to be your slaves contend:
Ambassadours from all parts, presents bring,
Begging you'd be, or else create their King.
Amongst the rest proud *Scythia* stoopes in time,
The greatest Empire in the Northern Clime:
For since the Battaile from *Darius* won,
That gallant *Oroondates* has been gone,
They Offer you his rich, and mighty Throne.
Ara. Ah fatall Newes! ——— [*aside*
Alex. That Prince if he be slain ———
There's not a Braver Heroe does remain,
And I with sorrow must his Empire gain.

Exeunt. Manet Araxis *solus.*

Ara. Go *Oroondates* now, and finde thy death;
Thou hast no place, no Earth, no Aire to breath,
But what is *Alexanders*; nay whats more,
He holds thy Love, and Fortune in his power.
Where shall we wander now? where be possest
That we may live from care, and love at rest.

Reenter to them Oroondates.

He is return'd, for pity I'll refrain
To tell the news that will increase his pain.
Oroo. Araxis come, le'ts undermine our Foes,
And follow *Alexander* where he goes;
Let's watch his lookes, and Countermine his sight,
Till on *Statira's* Cheeks our Eyes do light, [*Oroo. offers to go off.*

Ara.

Ara. Stay *Oroondates*, are you in a dream?
Beware the Gulph, y'are led to by the ſtream.
Unleſs inviſible, you cannot paſſe!
For Jealouſy through all things ſees, like Glaſſe.
Let's ſtraight return; tis dangerous ſtaying here,
Your Carriage did ſuſpitiouſly appear;
For *Alexander* ſaw when you went out,
And after you he turn'd his Jealouſie Eyes about.

Oroo. I have no ſoul, no Eyes, nothing that's ſence;
They all have left me with that excellence.
I find my ſelf like one of life bereft,
And nothing but a ſolid Carkaſſe left.
I'l find her through the dark, and let her know't,
T'releive my Body, as a light that's out.

Ara. Now it is almoſt neer retreat of day,
Whoſe hand-maid evening lookes ſo freſh and gay,
T'will make *Statira* to the walks repair,
And with her ſweeter Breath perfume the Air.
Thither we'll go, by th' ſecret way we came;
There you may find, but here you'l loſe your aim.

Oroo. I'll find my Rivall wrap'd in his delight,
Who as the Globe, oft hides the Suns faire light
Stands betwixt me and my *Statira*'s ſight.
I'l grow above him till I have deſcry'd,
O're his huge Bulke the treaſure he wou'd hide.
Why ſhou'd I fear this Monſter of a Name?
Wherefore *Araxis*? Am not I the ſame,
Who ſtriding o're the heapes his ſlaughter fill'd,
Suſtein'd his mighty Arme upon my ſheild?
Then ſtraight return'd a more ſubſtantial blow,
That made his head with ſhameful weakneſs bow,
And bluſh'd for greif, till he did underſtand,
It was no ſhame, from *Oroondates* hand.

Ara. The State retreats from the Kings private Room:——
One of the Princeſſes does this way come ——
Retire into the Garden Sir, before w'are ſeen.

Oroo. Not ſtay! —— I'll ſpeak t'her, if it be my Queen.

Enter to them Statira, Melanthe *attended*

So leaves of flowers, ſhut up in ſhowers of Rain,
Open their boſomes with the Sun again.

Sta. Bleſſe me ye Gods! 'Tis *Oroondates* ſure!
What paſſions does my trembling heart indure!
Why *Oroondates*, will you not obey?
See, ſee, *Melanthe*, who does come this way.

Are you that haughty ſtranger then, who late,
Among the throng did on the Conquerour wait?
How durſt you be ſo bold? Urg'd by what thought?
Was't Jealouſie, or Love your Perſon brought?
Oroon. Ah glorious Creature; Bleſt of all thy Sex,
Urge not imputed Crimes my Soul to vex —— [*Kneels.*
I'le tell thee, Dear, more ſoft, more ſweet by far,
Than breath of Incenſe, or than morning Air,
Wing'd with my Love, and hurri'd by deſpair,
I broak through all the ſtops, that Fate cou'd rear;
Who can Love you, and be a ſlave to fear!
Sta. Riſe *Oroondates*. *Alexander* ſees;
The Gods do frown, and he on Earth decrees;
Like flaming horrour o're the World he Darts,
And pries into the ſecret Lovers hearts;
That blazing Comet in the Skye beware,
Who threatens me with Love, and you with War.
Oroon. He cannot gentle Creature, do us harm;
True Love's a Pow'r that all the Gods will charm,
And winged Furies of the Air diſarm.
While our united hearts with joyes are Crown'd.
No Fiend ſhall tread the ſacred Lovers Ground.
Let him look down, this Meteor that's ſo high,
To ſee our Loves with all it's luſtre vie,
And drop with wonder from it's borrow'd Skye.
Sta. The Gods to us are yet the more unkind.
Where ſhall we then thoſe pleaſant minutes find,
And ſeek out Love, while we do lye confin'd?
Unleſs in pitty he to us reſort,
And meet us here in *Alexanders* Court.
The Watchful Dragon here diſturbs our peace,
More ſtrict, than that which kept the Golden Fleece.
Oroon. Since elſe y'are loſt to *Oroondates* quite,
I'le break your Chains, and with the Monſter fight:
I only arm'd with Love, if you but ſay
Through all his Dev'liſh Guards will force my way;
Defie this *Atlas*, if he durſt be bold,
And lay at ſtake the Heav'n that he does hold ——
Say but the word, and I'le at once remove
The Scourge of Empires, and the plague of Love.
Sta. No *Oroondates*, ceaſe this vain deſign,
He's at his higheſt, and will ſoon decline.
The Gods in time, in pity of our tears,
Will rid the World and us of all it's fears.
Oroon. Never let's tarry, for in all that time.
Our Love might reach, and up to Heav'n might climb;

Let

Let us not waſte one moment of our Joyes,
More worth than Crowns, and all ſuch Worldly toyes,
Nor wait ſo long for *Alexanders* death,
But ſtraight get out of this unlucky Path,
And turn our Eyes as from ſome Deſert climb,
And never wiſh to look the ſecond time.
Hence we'le repair to ſome bleſt lovely Iſle,
On whoſe fair Breaſt, both Heav'n and Nature ſmile,
Far from the gaudy Train of diſmal Sate;
And we our ſelves will King and Queen create,
And each toother ſhall a Subject be,
Living on Earth, like Sphere in Harmony.

Sta. There at our Joyes will none with envy burn,
Nor *Alexander* were he there, return;
He ſoon the weary hunted World would ſpare,
And find enough to glut Ambition there. ——
But Oh thou excellent man! I talk, while you
Neglect your ſafety, and my honour too;
I feel it ſtrive within me: for by turns,
My honour bluſhes, and your danger mourns ——
Dear *Oroondates*, ſpare your farther talk;
See me to morrow i'the *Cyprus* walk.

Oroon. Go my propitious Goddeſs, thou that art
The Heavenly excellence of all my heart; ——
Take but one look, thou beſt of Deities,
And carry't from thee in thy Diamond Eyes,
That when the Conqu'rour comes to beg a Grace,
Bend thy dark brow, and ſhoot it in his Face.

Sta. Thou beſt of Men, all Joyes about thee dwell.

Oroon. Thou Soul of Love, and all that's good, Farewell.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius, Scæna Prima.

Parisatis, Melanthe, *as in the Garden.* Ephestion *enters at a distance.*

Eph. SEE where she Rests, or is't not I descry
Some dazling Constellation from the Skye!
Sure 'tis the rich Vermillion that does grace
The evening Sun sent t' adorn this place,
Or *Venus* self has left her Heavenly abode;
To Sleep on Earth with some immortal God ——
Heark, how the Air with Gentle murmur Steals,
To catch the Odour on her Lips, that dwells,
More sweet than Breath, sent from the Coußlips Bed,
Or fragrant Banks with purple Violets spread.

A Song to be Sung by Oroondates *unseen in the Garden.*

IN vain dear Cassander *in vain you imploy,*
Your precepts of Virtue my Love to destroy,
In thinking your breath, can allay my desire,
You cool but my hopes, and blow more the fire,
Though hopeless of favour, and slighted I were,
I could Love, while I live, condemn'd to despair.

But why do I wish for impossible things,
Such happiness fit for the greatest of Kings,
For to me are deni'd all blessings within,
But to pass by her door and afraid to go in,
Or if her by chance at a distance, I see?
My Soul at my Mouth is flying instant from me.

But when I come near her, I look and I gaze,
And somewhat would have, but am still in amaze.
When as with my courage, new breath I infuse,
Just ready to say, what I fear I should lose,
The thing that I thought on a sudden retires,
And my speech in a sigh on her bosome expires.

[*Enter* Lysimachus *at the other door.*

Lys. A voice! To whom should this address belong!
O Gods! There's *Parisatis* list'ning to the Song!
Ephestion too! O my prophetique Soul!
What shall I do to keep my senses whole!

Eph. 'Tis done—— this was I fear ſome Rivals voice.——
Lyſimachus the man! Is he her choice!
Mel. 'Tis *Oroondates* ſure, amongſt the Trees;
Par. Ceaſe wretched Lover, ceaſe thy ſad complaint;
Whileſt no kind friend thy baniſh'd perſon ſees,
With mournful tunes thou doſt thy ſorrows paint.
Lyſ. See how 'e ſets his amorous looks this while!
I'le overtake, and ſtab him in that ſmile.
I'le break that caſe, his tempting beauties fill,
And all his precious balm of life will ſpill.
I ſhall turn mad to let my rage grow higher;——
I will be patient, and unſeen retire.
Par. I hear ſome coming; let's no longer ſtay.
[*Exit.* Lyſimachus, Pariſatis *and* Mel. *offer to go off.*
Eph. See, ſhe retires, and he does lead the way.
Look back, O beauteous daughter of the ſpring,
Whoſe divine preſence, whiles theſe walks ſhe treads
Makes chearful Birds with welcome *Carrols* ſing,
And drooping flowers hold up their grateful heads.
Par. What beauti's this of which *Epheſtion* tells?
Can ſhe augment the Joyes with which he ſwells,
That holds a richer, and more bleſt repoſe,
In *Alexanders* boſome where he grows.
Eph. In *Alexanders* Lawrels I have laid
My head ſo long; that I forſake his ſhade,
To dwell in your more comfortable ſight,
Whoſe brighter beams create a freſh delight.
Par. I have no beauty, Sir, that I can boaſt,
Such as I had is all in ſorrows loſt,
Like forward ſpring, kept back by winters froſt.
The Sun that guilded o're with cheerful rayes
My early morn, and promis'd happy days,
By fatal *Alexander* is undone,
And quite eclip'ſt before it reach'd to noon.
Eph. What Miracle is this! For who is he,
That cannot grant, what you wou'd wiſh to be?
Where was deaf Heav'n, when you did bend to prayers!
How could the Gods, but chooſe to lend their ears!
One balmy ſigh, and pearly tear's worth more;
Then all the incenſe, ſacrifice of Gore,
That they have had, ten thouſand years before.
Par. You overvalue me; all will not do;
I ſtill am wretched, and more loſt than you.
The Gods are juſt, although they never will
Refrain, but puniſh *Pariſatis* ſtill. [*Par. ſighs.*
Eph. Ah! why d'ye ſigh, and waſte that precious breath,

When

When the least word can charm the power of death.
Why draw you up, and fill your breast with groans?
Then let 'em out with all your soul at once:
Where will this Messenger of grief depart?
That bears upon his wings your gentle heart ——
Ah do not stir —— I tremble to come nigh, [*Par. offers to be gone.*
And on your brightness gaze with such an eye
As mortals look with wonder up on high.

Par. I am no Deity, yet will not endure
To be approach'd, but with a flame as pure.
You say you love, yet for the time you live,
Expect no more from me, than Heaven can give.

Eph. Not to look thus; and sigh —— how blest were I,
Only to gaze upon you, till I dye;
That with my Love my Soul might then expire,
And both mount upwards, like gay sparks of Fire;
Where I'le your seat amongst the Gods prepare,
And pine, and taste no Heav'n, till you come there.

Par. Still noble Youth, you cannot reach your bliss,
With Love, as Heav'nly as your person is.
There's nothing to deceive you, I wou'd hide;
Another ha's surpris'd my dearest thought,
I am his Pris'ner, and by honour ty'd;
With richest gratitude my Love is bought;
I have no room for such another guest ——

Eph. The Gods forbid! —— I dare not hear the rest ——
May not my hopes a fairer prospect view?
Yet curst am I, and what you say is true.
That fatal Oracle has sent me home,
For ever damn'd, to undergo your doom.
What shall I do? To whom shall I complain?
To *Alexander*? That were too, in vain.
You, and *Statira*, both contrive his end,
She stabs him in his person, you in's Friend.

Par. Admire no more in what you call my charms,
Shun 'em young Prince, their all but painted harms.
Be happi'r then, and give your Love elsewhere,
None that can Love will be to you severe:
I boast not of the Chains I make you wear.

Eph. Ah do not think my stedfast Love can shake;
You can as well the Vowes you made forsake;
Your banish'd Man all his life long shall wait,
Let others seem to Love, and stop at hate,
I Love not you at such an easie rate.
If e're you call me home, there will be found,
Fix'd on my breast, your sad immortal wound.

Par. I dare not hear —— you wound my tender breast. [*offers to go off.*

Eph.

Eph. You shall be pitiful, and hear the rest ——
See I conjure —— My tears begin to flow,
Thus fix'd, while I shed all my moisture so,
Like *Nyobe*, I could a Statue grow.
I guess my Rival, that your thoughts endure ——
But let me doubt still, rather than be sure.

Par. What tempted by the Object, you repeat,
Your heart in time of absence may forget ——
I haste for pity, to remove the cause. [*offers to be gone.*

Eph. Pity forbids, but this my ruin drawes.
If once a day, you don't your presence give,
I have consider'd, and I cannot live;
Let me for ever then be doom'd to burn,
Seeing your kindness to my Rival turn,
And whiles the Ocean of your Love he bears,
I thirst in vain, and quench it with my tears;

Par. If it be so, then think no more of me;
How can you choose but hate this cruel she?

Eph. No, I'le retire into the shades below,
Dress't with a Willow Garland of despair;
Where all are blest, I le live in solemn wo,
And with kind wishes Crown each happy pair.
Oft as a spirit I'le return on Earth,
But take no horrid form that shall affright,
But soft as evening Air or mornings Birth,
In beauteous Dreams I'le study your delight:
Then in the morning, watching while you wake,
Before your Eyes like gleams of light I'le run;
With breath of Amber I perfumes will make,
And dart in Glories with the rising Sun.

Par. If you say more I must in pity drown. [*Exit* Parisatis *attended.*

Eph. So the quick Sun; soon as his light is shewn,
Leaving the World in darkness does go down.
Go my divided Soul ——

Enter Lysimachus, *and calls back* Ephestion,
who was going out at the other door.

Lys. Ephestion stay ——
You have commands from *Alexander* to obey.

Eph. Why do you hinder me, and bid me stand?
I know it was not by my Kings Commahd ——
I fear *Lysimachus*, you envious are.

Lys. 'Tis kindness bids *Ephestion* to beware;
And as a Friend, I wish you to retreat,
And see your danger e're it be too late; ——
You tread a maze of a beauty to your fate.

This passage leads to death's eternal bands!
Preventless ruin at your entrance stands.
Eph. What fate is this, you threaten with your breath,
Nothing so fair as she can lead to death,
There is no fear, no horror where she comes;
Like Heav'nly light, she scatters Hell bred fumes:
Still where she goes, all deadly Forms she ties,
And melting dangers drop before her eyes.
Lys. You are too young, I see, and cannot find
The vast intreigues of fatal women kind.
Deceitful beauty, dress't in golden smiles
Like flatt'ring lightning, quick, and silent burns,
As poyson pleasant to the taste beguiles,
So soon as drank, to deadly ruin turns.
Eph. You speak indeed, as if you felt it so,
But she ha's been to me the softest Foe:
Her soul appears all glorious as her face,
A shining Jewel in a Chrystal case.
Lys. 'Tis a false Light, that shewes like Heav'nly Fire.
Leading misguided youth, so far astray,
That straight in horrid darkness 't does retire;
And leaves him then where dangers fill the way.
A false disease, no cunning Herb can cure,
A treacherous plague, worse then a Callenture,
That to the Sea-men seems delightful meads,
Or tempting walks, bestrow'd with curious Flowers,
Then head long him into the Ocean leads,
Where the next wave his giddy life devours.
Eph. You shall not rail on Beauty I adore;
'Tis an offence, and I will hear no more.
Lys. You shall in ignorance no longer rove;
Know then 'tis *Parisatis* that I Love.
Eph. I see your kindness now; she is the shelf,
You bid me shun, on which you'd spilt your self:
Now I perceive, when *Alexander* chose
You out before the rest, to go for *Thrace*,
Why you rejoyc'd, and triumph'd at the cause;
Only to be first happy in my place.
'Twas *Parisatis* then that made you fly
With wings of Love, and not of loyalty.
Lys. 'Twas in defence of Love: can he be blam'd,
That sues for aid, when there is War proclaim'd;
When you and *Alexander* lots did cast
For all my hopes, 'twas time for me to haste.
Eph. Y'are come too late, and you resist in vain,
What Heav'n, and *Alexander* both ordain.

Lys. I first this Jewel in my heart did wear;
You ne're had seen't, but spi'd it shining there;
Then when you knew, that I did Love before,
You have unjustly robb'd me of my store:
I hid her like a Treasure in the ground,
Which you unkindly have dug up, and found;
Like one who all his life have toil'd for wealth,
Spoil'd in a moment; and undone by stealth.

Eph. Because you were born first, and first had sight,
Must I in darkness live, and ne're see light,
Must he that miss'd, and saw the Sun not rise,
Never hereafter see it in the Skyes?
You may come short, unless you mend your pace;
Who last sets out, may soonest win the race.

Lys. Take heed; ill fate persues thee in the Chase:
I, in the midst of thy Carreer, will stay,
And stand like a *Colossus* in thy way.
Though you with charms of youth, and beauty see
This glorious Sun shall be too quick for thee.
Or if it been't; I like a storm will rise,
And in Eclipse convey it from thy Eyes.

Eph. What then, you think, that I can be afraid? —
I fear you not, though you my youth upbraid;
Though you with ods of years, and strength assail,
Young as I am, I can, and will prevail;
Full of the Deity, I am above
Thy reach, and walk inchanted by my Love;
Safe in his Magick Circle round my heart;
Who bears Loves wounds, can fear no other smart.

Lys. No more, when next thou seest her, thou shalt dy,
Although that minute, you for refuge flye
To *Alexanders* arms for Sanctuary.

Eph. Thinkest thou, whom *Alexander* loves, to fright?
No, then, to let you see, that I dare fight? ——
I Love her dearly; by the Gods I do;
I Love her —— Yes, and will, in spight of you.
Now I'le go to her, and if I must dye,
It shall be there, in death of extasie;
Upon her breast, as in a trance I'le roll,
Drowning in sweets, that fill the precious bowl
And on her Lips, leave my departing Soul,

Offers to go out.

Lys. Come back again —— What shall I do? —— I will
But thou presumest on *Alexander* still.
I'le to my self this satisfaction give.
Though after thee, I know I must not live.

As they begin to fight, enter Oroondates, *and* Araxis, *at distance, which makes* Lysimachus *and* Ephestion *go out, and defer fighting.*

Lys. Draw Sir ——
Eph. Behold, we cannot end our strife ——
Lys. Curst chance! This but prolongs thy sickly life.
[*Exeunt* Lys. *and* Eph. *Manent* Oroon. *and* Araxis.
Oroon. Ha! Lets retire; we cannot be alone,
Arax. One is *Lysimachus* —— See, they are gone.
Oroon. Of all the Grecian Captains, I've been told,
That he excells in Virtue, and is bold.
Whoes the other? ——
Arax. I know not what he's call'd;
Both gracious with the King; but I admire,
They seem'd surpris'd, and did from us retire.
Oroon. This is the place, and this the blessed hour. ——
Leave me a while upon the long'd for shore; ——
Leave me. ——
Arax. See Sir, as when a storm is o're ——
Now y'are arriv'd, it scatters, and it clears,
And she like *Venus* on the sand appears. [*Exit.* Araxis

Enter to them Statira, Parisatis, Melanthe, *and attendants.*

Oroon. Now is the light just fallen from the Skyes.
And blushes like the morn adorns those eyes.
Sta. Ah *Oroondates*, grasp me not not so hard,
Oroon. Deny me not this innocent reward, [*kisses her Hand.*
As the kind Sun does to a frozen boat,
Bridle the poor Bark into a float
Then gently bathing o're it's melting sides,
It lifts it self above the swelling tides!
All those thick Joyes that lay conceal'd below,
Swell o're the brink, and their long bounds o're flow.
Sta. Ah *Oroondates*, I have newes to tell
Will sink your Soul, and chain the Powers of Hell.
Oroon. Think not *Statira*, that my breast can own
A passion for the losing of my Throne,
Thou brighter Jewel than the *Scythian* Crown.
Be thou but constant, as thou now art kind,
I shall a lasting Throne of greatness find,
More Riches, then in all the World there shines,
In Diamond quarries, or in Golden mines:
There is no wealth, but what abounds in thee,
Thou sweetest Soul, thou true Felicity.

Re-enter

Re-enter to them Araxis, *in haste.*

Arax. I haste, and yet I fear I come too slow;
Like a huge Torrent that does overflow;
The King is here, and ha's surpris'd you now.
Sta. What shall we do? ——
Oroon. Heedless *Araxis* thou ——
Par. Go you, leave *Oroondates* here with me.
Oroon. There is no shape that virtue fears to see: ——
Here I will stand in thy defence of Love,
Like *Jove* himself, and dare this Son of *Jove.*
Sta. Go, go, you put my soul upon the wrack! ——
Fly this unhappy ground ——

Enter to them Alexander, Cassander, Phillip, Bagistanes, *and Attendants. Guards.*

Alex. Stay Sir; come back. ——
What art, that darest such saucy Courtship shew?
And bend to th' shrine, where I presume to bow.
Sta. Retire Sir from the King; I'le undertake. ——
Alex. By all the Gods, he stirs not for your sake.
Oroon. Do not for me to the least doubt resign;
Nought, but your fears can shake a heart like mine.
Alex. Tell me great *Jove*, who cou'd suspect to see
So false a soul, in such a shape as she?
Where sacred Virtue wilt thou shew thy face,
When such as she lookes withd eceitful grace,
Methoughts I saw her high Illustrious mind
Sate only with severity inthrin'd,
And thought her like a stream, whose modest tyde
Does in Meanders from the Mountains glide;
Yet every where the bottom is so cleer,
Through all its Christal golden sands appear ——
Convey away this upstart of my heart. ——
Yet I will know thee first —— Say, what thou art?
Oroo. I turn to tell thee, that it was not fear;
When you have known me, you'l confess I dare.
I ne're was question'd, and deny'd my name. ——
Do you not know me then, nor who I am?
Sta. Y'are mad, and wou'd your self in vain disclose:
For *Alexander* none, but Princes knowes.
Alex. You urge the more; I'le know him e're'e goes
Oroo. Behold; have you not seen this face in War?
Alex. I think I might, then tell me who you are.
Sta. I'le tell you who he is, let him be gone; ——
His person cannot merit to be known.
Oroo. Tis *Oroondates* that you see again.

Alex. What *Oroondates*, that we heard was slain!
Oroo. Yes *Alexander*, that unhappy Man,
Whose Crown, and Empire to your fortunes ran,
With base submission, which your Armes nere won, nor can.
Alex. If you so much your single valour prize,
How came you hither, in a tame disguise?
And shun my presence, like the Birds of Night,
Which us'd to darkness dare's not see the light.
Dealing unlike a Prince, in dark designes,
And like a Coward, workes and undermines.
Oroo. Thus I wou'd shew, didst thou not hide my face.
Stand from before me in this blessed place.
Then bate the ods thy Mistress fortune gain'd
And this fair Queen in judgment of us stand,
Though like a flaming Beacon thou doest fright
Tame Nations, Id'e look up, and shine as bright.
Alex. Then you can boast of what she me deny'd.
And shew'd her scorne, I took for noble pride.
Sta. If thou art gallant, *Alexander*, know,
That I so much to *Oroondates* owe,
Your self wou'd think I cannot less bestow.
If more than Freind, *Darius* life to save,
The hazard of his Crown, and fortune gave,
And this is all the pity I have shewn;
A mean reward for losing of a Crown,
Tygers, and Monsters wou'd forsake their kind,
And melt, where so much gratitude they find.
Alex. Women when pleas'd their eager loves to show,
Swift with the stream of inclination go,
But if against that Tyde, they move but slow.
Y'are over just, where fancy shewes the way,
But leave your debt of honour still to pay.
Who can resist the Torrent of your wills,
That run more fierce, and cross than Fortunes wheels?
Wretched is he whose love maintaines your pride,
More then the slave that to the Galli's ty'd,
Who sweates, and labours, all for stripes and scorne.
Sta. Your mind is toss'd; o're Seas of passion borne.
Know that my soul, scorning the Pompe of life,
Made me refuse to be the greatest wife,
And mount that Throne, my Fathers ruine built,
Making me guilty of the blood you spilt.
My vertue aim'd and shot the mark more high,
Holding me here when I might safely flye;
And rather chose your Chaines, then let my soul
By flight be stain'd with a reproach so foul.

Oroo. Your cruel vertue, so severe inclin'd,
Hath been to me and to your self unkind.
Alex. Flatter thy self, but thou shalt never find
One Jealous coward thought defame my mind,
My fortune like the Ocean that indures
Contrary windes, and all less streams devours,
Can ne're be Jealous, or afraid of yours.
Oroo. That fortune ne're had gain'd the Scythian State,
Had *Oroondates* but suspected fate;
Kings by false subjects are at first ador'd,
As fickle Nations court the rising Sun,
Blest with the sweet delight it does afford,
Till it has gain'd i'ts highest State at noon,
Then they forsake; and from its warmth they run.
Alex. I did from conquest of your Crown retreat,
Too little, to make *Alexander* great;
Scar'd with the height, to which my name did swell,
And stunn'd with noise of all my Arms, it fell.
I court no fawning Kingdomes to obtain;
The world it self does to my Fortune chain,
That sayes I shall a stand of greatness be,
Where Nations flow, as Channels to the Sea.
Noble Ambition does my fancy move;
I like the gallant Eagle soar above,
And stoop to nothing, but the lure of love.
You do my Rival then your self create.
Oroo. Witness ye Gods, I glory more in that,
Than all the world can give, or th' smiles of fate.
I will not change the bliss that name can bring,
To be as great as thou, to be in heaven a King.
Nor quit the hopes my lingering love shall gain,
That like a Saint indures with zealous pain,
Till heav'n he gets through stormes of sighs and tears like rain.
Alex. That heav'n which you with such fair hopes persue,
You may behold, but ne're to be injoy'd by you:
Yet, though my Rival, I will ease your grief,
And to the worst of pains will give releif;
I'le part your sight, which else must needs destroy,
Seeing that heav'n; which you can ne're enjoy.
Go where thou wilt, but never see her more.
Sta. Go *Oroondates*, whom, the Gods restore.
Oroo. Go *Oroondates*! —— Gods can you consent,
That I shou'd dye for you in Banishment!
I do not fear thee, and I will not stir;
No, wert thou more then death a Conquerour;
I in the worlds behalf will stand alone;

And pull back all the ſpoils that deck thy Throne ——
Tear me to Atomes pull my Eyes out quite,
Thou may'ſt as well part water and divide the light,
As think my ſoul can live out of her ſight.

Alex. Thou ſhalt, and live to ſee me only bleſt,
Crown'd with her Love, inthron'd within her Breaſt. ——
Our joyes ſhall ſo Majeſtickly appear,
That thou ſhalt tremble, and not dare come near,
But hide thy face, for envy, and for fear.

Oroo. Not dare come near! —— Beware that fatal time,
When I ſhall ſurely ſnatch thee in thy prime:
This Cloud thou feareſt, ſhall then diſolve in Rain,
And pours upon thee like a Hurry-Cane. ——
I tell thee, King, that I durſt reach thy heart,
Big with the horrid world, as now thou art:
Had'ſt thou the plague before, and Hell behind,
I in the midſt wou'd thy dread Carkaſſe find;
Nay were it mortal, where thou ſend'ſt thy breath,
My furious haſte ſhou'd blunt thy threatning death.

Alex. Liveſt thou to threaten whom the Gods defend? ——
Convey him ſtraight to his eternal end ——
Death ſhall reward the valour you pretend.

Sta. Hold *Alexander*, hold, —— He ſhall not go;
I ne're did beg of you, nor will I now;
Yet I dare boldly ſay, he ſhall not dy,
Unleſs his life with loſs of mine you buy.
The life I brought in danger to be ſlain,
I am oblig'd in honour to maintain.

Alex. Gods. Did I ever yet reſolve in vain!
Where be thy Conqueſts now that fill'd the world,
That by a woman here, thy reſolution's hurld?
It ſhall be ſaid that *Alexander* once was loſt,
And in a labouring Sea of love was toſt;
I will ſubmit to be thy ſlave, O Love,
To pleaſe my ſelf, as did my Father *Jove* ——
Caſſander, —— I will but his doom inlarge ——
Let *Oroondates* be your ſtricteſt Charge.

Oroo. Gods. How I hate this life you wou'd reſtore,
That nor my freedome's juſtly in your power;
Thy honour cannot let me be betray'd,
I was thy Priſoner once, and ranſome paid.

Alex. If thou wert ſo, 'twas when thou wert unknown;
Th'art *Oroondates* now, and claim'ſt a Crown. ——
Convey him hence —— It is my laſt decree.

Oroo, They dare not do't, no, not thy Guards, nor thee.

Sta. Bear *Oroondates*, what the Gods ordain;

If you resist, you'l merit my disdain.
Both heav'n, and Love will for our safeties joyn:
Are Chains so grevious in the sight of mine?
Alex. Sure such a spirit did from heav'n descend.
So great and true, we know not where 'twill bend.

Exeunt Statira *in anger, and* Alexander *attended, follows her. Manent* Oroondates, Cassander, Araxis, *Guards.*

Cass. Methinks your looks such gallant rage do shew
As sits upon an angry Lyons brow:
Your lofty mind above the world is born,
And payes its Idle rage with noble scorn.
Retire, —— and till I call, approach not neer —— [*to the Guard*
Let me be heard, Sir, with your private ear. [*to* Oroondates
Oroo. His presence Sir with mine you may indure: [*meaning* Araxis
For all my secrets, in his Breast are sure.
Cass. Fortune has set a man upon her wheel,
That never sees, how it goes downward still.
More then *Prometheus* plagues from Hell 'e brings,
And heaps and layes them on the Necks of Kings.
Look up thou more than Man and all divine,
Bearing the honour of th' *Arsacesn* Line
Upon thy highest top, spred like a Lofty Pine:
With all thy *Scythian* Glories dart upon,
And shrink the world again to *Macedon.*
Oroo. Wherefore this great Civillity to me? ——
Your words have meaning too I cannot see.
Cass. Look up, and never do the Cause inquire,
But quench this Flame that sets the world on Fire;
To rid the Earth of *Alexander's* life,
To ease Mankind of universal strife,
Your Crown restore, and bless you with a wife.
Oroo. Were I releas'd, and from his Fetters freed,
And had the possibility of such a deed;
Though to be more then he by such an Act,
I'd fly the horrour of so base a fact;
I'd kill him, but I wou'd not by surprise;
It shou'd be then when most secure 'e lies,
When all his Guards are watching of his Eyes,
Ith' Face of *Jove* and in the cleerest day;
When heav'n that saw't, shou'd nothing have to say:
Cass. In rules of virtue you are too sublime;
Why shou'd it be to kill him such a Crime?
Wou'd you not crush that viper if you cou'd,
That threatens with his sting your dearest blood;
That fatal Man that stabbe[illegible]
I'th' discipline of virtue, I'd [illegible]

But fair *Statira's* Love I wou'd prefer.

Oroo. Convey me straight into the darkest hole;
Let me live ever like a dungeon Mole,
Rather than see the light with such a soul;
But thou that showest me this ignoble way,
Art sent by him that wou'd my life betray.

Cass. No by the Gods, from him it was not meant:
I've try'd, and found you hard to honour bent;
I see your soul, and nothing else design'd,
But my true breast a harbour for your mind,
Where you might rest your heart serene, and free
From tempests and your self in safety see.
Your Godlike mind at such a prize I rate,
That, though I pity, and deplore your fate,
I cannot but admire, and imitate.
Accept the freedome that your soul does wear,
And I the fault of your escape will bear.

Oroo. Thou tryest my mind, and yet dost think I fear.
Go on, let me the ruggedst usage feel;
Thou hast one us'd to such misfortune still,
That always holds the Vessel that they fill
With patient steddy hands, that never spill ——
So when I can, your kindness I'le restore. [*Exit* Oroo. *with Guards*

Cass. My words are thrown, like dust upon the shore.
This Treason then my self will bear alone
Under whose mighty weight the Fates do grone
Sweating in clouds of horrour the evening Sun
Shall see the greatest deed that e're was done. [*Exit* Cassander.

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quartus. Scæna Prima.

Cassander, *and* Phillip *severally.* Cass. *reading a Letter,*

Phil. What news *Cassander*, have you heard from home?
Cass. News, *Phillip*, that concernes the mightyest doom;
A sovereigne Balme for the sick world is come.
A certain trick for *Phillips* mad brain'd Son,
T'unravel all that Fate for him has done;
Such News, that heav'n by me alone commends,
And to the world it's pe[illegible]

The Gods have ſate, and giv'n the Fates to know,
They'l change their great Vice-gerent here below.
My aged Father pours in every vein
Freſh blood, and ha's begotten me again.
Phil. The King I left inrag'd, and in a Flame
At Letters too that from my Father came.
Caſſ. Let him be ſo, as long as 'tis his laſt;
It is decre'd he cannot burn too faſt.
See here the greateſt, and moſt powerful ſpell,
Pull'd from the very heart, and root of Hell,
Hatch'd in deſigne from *Ariſtotles* skull
To whom the ſubtil'ſt Feind of Hell is dull;
Thou ne're coud'ſt find the flowing of the ſea,
But this ſhall be of greater fame to thee.
Never let that diſturb thy curious mind,
That canſt an Ebb for the worlds Torrent find.
Phil. Antipater our Father does impart [Phillip *takes and reads the Letter.*
A ſecret found by *Ariſtotles* Art;
A Juice ſo fierce, and ſubtile, that no Caſe,
Nothing can hold it, whence that will not paſs,
But the cold hooſe of a ſcorn'd heavy Aſs.
This deadly poyſon now from *Greece* is brought,
To give to *Alexander* in a draught.
Caſſ. Neer high *Olympus*'e Crown'd with lofty Wood,
Under its ſhade, where mighty vapours brood;
That ne're ſees Sun by day, nor Moon by night,
But with it's bending Front ſtill puſhes at the light;
In whoſe damp Beds, where grow immortal ſtings,
Clouds of dark ſpirits deſcend, and dip their wings;
Then o're the world with molting Feathers fly,
And Scatter plagues, that breed Mortality.
From thence this mighty Tutor took a weed,
And did thereof this deadly drink compound,
That to his heart who drinks, it flyes with ſpeed,
And in his death no ſign of poyſon's found!
Phil. Can the Fates ſuffer that ſo baſe a thing
Conſpire the death of the worlds mighty King!
In this thou art in thy misfortnne bleſt;
All things deny to bear it to thy Breaſt,
But the moſt Coward, and ignoble Beaſt.
But when; when ſhall be done this mighty deed?
Caſſ. No longer then this day it is decreed.
Phil. You bear the Cup, and you may do't with eaſe.
Caſſ. By heav'n the thought does my rour'd ſenſes pleaſe,
This night I'le do't, in his proud ſacrifice,
And ſend him to his Kindered Deities.

Oh how I burn, and how my Cheeks still glow!
Since like a patient Boy I took that blow.
Phil. I wish we were of *Oroondates* sure.
Cass. Virtu's his guard, and holds him too secure;
Only we two must all the brunt indure.
Lysimachus I fear will not be won,
And others too, who will be glad when't's done,
And stand amongst the foremost for their share;
But for our own proportion, first let's care;
You have your Armys won, and soon shall gain
Syria and over all the East shall raign,
And I by right, *Antipaters* first Son
Shall him succeed, o're *Greece*, and *Macedon*.

Enter to them Bagistanes.

Bag. The King in hast does for your prisoner call;
Such labouring Tempests tos his mighty soul,
That we, as when from heav'n we Thunder hear,
Crouch, and a blasting storme of lightning fear.
H'as for the Ambassadours of *Scythia* sent;
The Gods yet only know what's his intent.
Cass. I'le instantly his gallant Rival bring ——
Phillip make hast, and in my absence place
The Macedonian Guards about the King.
Exeunt Cassander *and* Phillip *severally.*
Manet Bagistanes.

Enter to him Statira *attended.*

Sta. What change now weares the worlds inconstant Face?
What can its Masters mighty mind displace?
Why glories he ith' fetters of the brave
That to thev anquish'd world is more a slave?
Ah *Bagistanes*, all my hopes still blast;
All my delights before enjoyment wast,
My envious starres deny me but a tast.
The King does now for *Oroondates* send,
His rage in pompe does mighty pow'r attend;
He means to sit in Triumph on his end.
Bag. You only now can Guard his innocence;
The Gods you serve have arm'd you with defence:
Beauty like yours can never want the power
To break the heart of this great Conquerour.
Go, interpose e're *Oroondates* dyes;
Revert the blow with' Glories of your Eyes:

Whole

Whole Armies have been often broke in fight,
And wounded by the Sun with too much light;
This cloud but while you come, may overcast,
But can no longer o're your Beauty last.

Enter to them Oroondates, Araxis, *and Guards.*

See where the Noble generous Prince appears;
How like a lofty ship up in a storm 'e bears.
I go to see how the Kings passion cleeres. [*Exit* Bagillanes.

Oroo. What heav'n is this I meet with in the way?
Nothing can prove unfortunate to day.
Thou light, thou better Genius of my soul;
Goddess of life, that does my Fate controul;
The kindest Gods have sent thee from above,
With their divinest pow'r to rescue Love.

Sta. You *Oroondates* are your owne reward;
'Tis your own virtue does it's person guard;
If all I have can your protection bear,
You need not doubt to find your safety here.

Oroo. Brightness, and heav'n are dwelling in that Breast;
None but a god shou'd with that seat be blest,
Thou soft Elisium of eternal rest.
When first my heart was on Loves Altar layd,
So pure, and sacred, heav'n the offering made,
And in acceptance of i'ts chast desire,
Burn't and consum'd it all with heav'nly fire;
The flame has purifi'd my breast so fine,
You may behold my weeping soul within.

Sta. My soul in vain lookes through it's mortal Cage,
And spying yours, does mourne to disingage,
Wishing to fly from *Alexander's* rage.
Where shall they meet these spirits so alli'd?
As two pent Birds that one another spi'd,
We faine wou'd flye, forgetting that we 're ty'd.
What heavy Cloggs the envious Body prov,
To break the heart of our aspiring Love?
Cou'd we now lay these Earthly Robes, but by,
Like darting starres, we'd shoot, and stick the sky,
And with the highest brightest Planets showe,
And dwell where *Alexander* ne're shall go,
There we wou'd raigne, and let him raign below.

Oroo. We'l chain this flesh, and our proud Bodys tye,
Letting our souls out of their windowes fly.
Our Loves like souls their prisons shall despise,
And meet each other flowing from our Eyes;

There they shall mingle, whiles our twisted sight,
As Lymbecks draw, shall feed them with delight;
Our humble Bodys in the rear shall stand,
Like two drawn Armies, ready at command;
That when our soules, their cheifs, in parly joyn,
They shall not dare to murmur, or repine.

Sta. Hold *Oroondates* cease this killing strife;
Give me my soul again thou better life;
Against thy self thou tyest these forward hands,
That wou'd make *Alexander* stoop at their commands:
Lost and undone, if I do longer stay,
My ravish'd sences all will fly away;
They through my Eyes will their swift passage break,
And leave my tongue without the pow'r to speak,

Re-enter to them Cassander.

Cass. The mighty King of all the world possest,
With all things, but the fair *Statira* blest,
Calls for the Prince, and to this place drawes near;
His Friends about him gloriously appear,
Like the gay seasons that adorne the year.

Sta. I'le frown, if he but dares to disobey,
And blast him with a winters stormy day. [*Exit* Statira *attended.*

Oroo. Thus as a Curtain drawn before the light,
Sh'as Snatch'd my sight, and I in darkness stray.
It is ordain'd that I must set this night.
In deepest shadows then I'le lay me down,
And never more shall see the blessed Sun:
Statira then, thy faithful Lover dyes,
Thy Beauties, and my Rivals sacrifice;
Over my grave thou wilt more splendid rise.

The Scene drawes, and at an Altar is discover'd Alexander, Ephestion, Statira, Parisatis, Lysimachous, Phillip, Bagistanes, Scythian *Ambassadours, Forraign Ambassadours, and other attendants in great State,* Preists, *Statue of* Jupiter Hamon. Alexander *comes upon the Stage, reading Letters.*

Alex. Cassander ——
Cass. Sir I come at your Command ——
With joy approach, and all attention stand.
Alex. Read these; for from *Antipater* they came,
That dares protest *Olympia* is to blame.
He much against her government complains,
Sayes he is wrong'd, whilest she wou'd take the paines

The

There is the like from *Ariſtotle* too,
That writes what falſe *Antipater* has ſaid, is true;
But I'le let *Ariſtotle* know one tear
From my dear Mothers Eyes can waſh her clear,
And drown a thouſand thoughts that are ſevere.
What ail the *Preists*! They tremble, and look pale,
And all in fear forſake the ſacred Rail. ——
Give me the Bowl, and the Gods drink prepare.
Pre. The mighty *Jove's* offended at our prayer:
We had done all, we thought, that Heav'n could priſe,
Yet toth' alknowing God there did ariſe
Something diſpleaſing in our ſacrifice,
We kill'd a luſty ſlave, and of his blood,
The altar, and the ſacred fire beſtrow'd,
With richeſt Gumes, and forraign ſpices made,
That wou'd the ranſome of a King have paid.
Juſt in that moment which our thoughts inſpire,
A clou'd with thunder did from Heav'n retire
And quench'd, and ſcatter'd all the holy fire;
A horri'd darkneſs fill'd the Temple round,
And of faint Groves was heard a dreadful ſound.
Alex. T'attone the Gods with all our power we'l ſtrive,
I have a Nobler ſacrifice to give,
And vow this hour the offering to make
Oroo. Where is this ſacrifice that you beſpeak? [Alex. *looking towards* Oroon.
Is all this Cerimouy for my ſake?
Thinkeſt thou to fright me with this bloody deed,
To be the ſacrifice that here muſt bleed?
Sta. The Gods protect the King from ſuch a thought.
Oroo. Is mine the life that thy falſe Preiſts have bought?
With ſhew of piety to cover fate,
And treat the Gods with bloody Scenes they hate.
Swift vengeance have they for this Act in ſtore.
And after I am dead, they'l thunder more.
Alex. I find that thou with grovling ſenſe doeſt move,
And canſt not underſtand the Sun of *Jove*:
The Gods that *Alexander* made, did lend
A ſoul too great for thee to comprehend. ——;
Your ſelf ſhall be the Judg of your on caſe;
Where I in yours, and you in *Alexanders* place?
Where *Oroondates* next the Gods above,
And I a ſlave intrench'd upon his Love;
What Mercy, or what Juſtice wou'd you ſhower
On ſuch a one you held within your power?
Oroo. Where I the Monarch of the world thou art,
I'de look beneath me with a Godlike heart,

Not

Not rob the humbleſt ſhepherds of their ſleepes,
Whom harmleſs Love in careleſs ſlumbers keeps;
Wert thou my ſlave, and wert condemn'd this hour,
I wou'd thy Love, and wou'd thy throne reſtore,
And give thee paſt thy power of wiſhing more;
That thy vaſt ſpirit ſhou'd into wonder ſhrink ——
I'de do; what thou haſt not a ſoul to think.

Alex. Brave as thou art, thou canſt not yet come nigh;
Thou ſhalt not have a thought to wiſh ſo high,
But I will reach it, and above it fly. ——
Madam ——
I've ſent for *Oroondates* with deſigne,
That he may ſee how far above you ſhine,
And with your ſacred virtue rule his fate, and mine.

Oroo. Having ſo bright an Object thou muſt do
What to her Beauty, and thy fame is due.

Alex. I will not have my love preſcrib'd by you;
Yet I'le be both to Love and honour true. ——
The ſacred pow'r of faire *Statira*'s charmes
Has priviledg'd your perſon here from harmes:
Recourſe to Love has waſh'd away your guilt,
It ſhan't be ſaid that I ſo roughly dealt,
To ſee your Blood in her protection ſpilt ——
Take that from me which none but I wou'd ſpare,
Your life,
Your freedom too, as unconfin'd as Aire. ——
Ambaſſadours of *Sythia*, you are free; ——
Give *Oroondates* what you gave to mee.
With life and freedom I reſtore your Throne,
And with that ſacrifice the Gods attone.
And for this victime on the Altar kill'd;
If they 're not pleas'd with blood already ſpill'd,
They ſhall with thouſands offerd in the felid,

Sta. You have deſerv'd, great Sir, and give us cauſe
To think the world moſt happy in your lawes;
This Act beyond the Glaſs of time ſhall run,
This gallant Act as clear as is the Sun,
Which none but *Alexander* could have done.
It doth my thanks and admiration raiſe; ——
So great, tis undervalu'd by my praiſe.

Oroo. Though in this publique Act you have deſerv'd,
Virtu's not loſt that has not been obſerv'd;
The Sun whoſe light ſometimes we cannot ſee,
Yet rules the world by ſecret Sympathy: ——
I wou'd appear, but am eclips'd by you. ——
If thou art Noble ſtill our hopes perſue.

Alex. What wouldst thou have? What is there yet to do?
Sta. Nothing, for you beyond just hopes aspire,
And to do more is past the Gods desire.

[*Preist gives* Cassander *the bowl, he offers it* Alexander *on his knees.*

Cass. The greatest God that you the world has giv'n.
To rule on Earth, as he does rule in heav'n,
That God who does all other Gods controll.
Drinks to his Son in this Immortal Bowl.
Let heav'n look down with most auspicious Eyes,
Whiles *Joves* imperial Son does sacrifice.

Alex. *takes the Cup, and bowes to the Altar.*

Alex. Accept, great *Joves*, the Son whom thou hast crown'd,
Who was the first thy secret Temple found,
Seated beyond the world in holy Ground.
Past barren *Lybia*, and it's dearest Lands,
Through hot parch'd Grounds, and over burning sands ——
As the first fruites of all thou gav'st to mee,
I sacrifice the world again to thee,
And drink this Cup of Immortality.

Whiles Alexander *drinks, the Statue of* Jupiter Hamon *falls down, with thunder, and lightning and kills the* Preists. Alex. *lets fall the Bowl.*

Alex. Ye Gods what's wanting in such vowes as these,
That can the soul of *Jupiter* displease?
I'le send in haste for the most cunning Spyes
To search the Oracle o'th' Deities;
But I'le through fate this dreadful Riddle find.
And know why *Jove* can be to me unkind.
Cass. We are betrai'd by these base Prodigies,
The Language of the tell-tale Deities;
Philip stand firme ——
I'll bear the guilt of all, least thou shou'dst sink,
And take the rest of the most fatal drink ——
I charge thee stay me not —— [*exit,* Phillip *offers to hold him.*
Eph. Ah Sir, retire from this most horrid sight;
I wish you had not sacrific'd to night:
A dream last night disturb'd my quiet rest;
Me thought I (leaning on your noble Breast)
Was in a moment snatch'd, and dispossest:
A flaming Charriot did from heav'n appear,
And took you in, whilest I look'd up with fear,
And saw you shine a Constellation there:
The Charriot gone that fill'd the place so bright,
I felt no Ground and u r k in Darkness quite.

Alex.

Alex. Let not ſuch fears thy gentle thoughts divide;
This dream foretels thou ſhalt i'th' Chariot ride,
With lovely *Pariſatis* by thy ſide.
This way we will appeaſe the angry *Jove*,
And quench his rage with ſacrifice of love; —— [*to* Oroondates
To morrow Rival if thou dareſt be bold,
Mine and *Epheſtions* marriage to behold,
Then in this place the ſolemne Rites we'l hold.

Oroo. That ſight wou'd cancel all that's due from me,
And from this gen'rous Act wou'd ſet me free,
When you take back the life that you did give,
And in ten thouſand Deaths wou'd make me live,

Alex. Then your own time for your departure take;
All ſhall be granted for *Statira's* ſake;
But for her ſelf, thou mayeſt behold her here;
But henceforth, as a Star, above thy ſphere,
Where ſhe ſhall raign the Queen of all the world.

Oroo. Firſt let my Soul be to the Furies hurld.

Lyſ. Still in this Circle doeſt thou ſafe remain. [*to* Epheſtion.

Exeunt Alexander *leading* Statira, Epheſtion *and* Lyſimachus *ſtriving both to lead* Pariſatis. *Manent* Oroondates, Araxis, *and* Scythian *Ambaſſadours.*

Oroo. She's gone for ever, all my hopes are vain;
I'me backwards daſh'd upon the Sea again;
The wealth I thought I had, I did not hold,
As Miſers dream, and think they graſp their Gold;
So the tir'd wretch with ſwiming looking round,
Prepares his feet in hopes to touch the Ground,
But finding none he ſtraight is ſunk, and drown'd.

Ara. T'were fit you talk'd of ſome thing that procures
A grateful peace with your Ambaſſadours.

Oroo. Theſe are the furies of the peoples Brain,
That dare to ſit upon a Monarchs raign;
Not all the fire, nor all the feinds of Hell
Can Act the rage that in *Plebeians* dwell;
When they are mad and know not what 'tis for,
Like winds they buſtle, and like Waves they roar;
On thoſe above 'em look with Envies ſtings,
And mad becauſe they cannot all be Kings:

Ara. At Kings they let their gorged ſtomachs fly,
Belching out treaſon, ſprung from Luxury;
Behold with cenſures ſtill bright Majeſty;
As baſe Aſtronomers look up and pry
Into the Glorious Planets of the ſky.

Oroo. Mercy the curſe of Monarchs in this age,

That

That breeds this plague, that shou'd be quell'd by rage; ——
I'le like a Lion shake my angry Locks
And fright the Souls out of this Coward Herd,
And make them put their Necks into their Yoaks ——
Amb. Great Prince ——
Oroo. Be gone —— You shall have your reward ——
You thought me dead, or els from pow'r debar'd; ——
I'le send you home with Chaines upon your feet,
With that reward you shall your Masters greet.
[*Exeunt* Amb. *bowing*

Ara. What shall we do Sir? shall we go or sta
To morrow is the great, and fatal day,
That takes your Love, more than your life away
Oroo. I'le stay, and dare the worst till it be past,
Till Love in spite has thrown his utmost cast;
Then as the Body of on sense bereft,
Increases in the other senses left,
Honour shall side and help the weaker part,
And rouze with Noble deeds my sinking heart.
I'le follow Armes till my loud Fame shall prove
As great a Rival to him, as my Love:
His Jealous soul shall fly to find me out,
Through all Loves Charms that fence his heart about.

Reenter to them Lysimachus.

Lys. When shall this breast be free from Jealous pain?
Ye Gods! Am I prevented once again?
Oroo. My Eyes deceive me, if it be not true,
You are *Lysimachus*, to whom all worth is due.
Lys. The brave, and valiant *Oroondates* you,
Whose mighty mind above the fates aspire;
Heav'n cannot lend a grace to mount it higher;
The greatest Lover, and the bravest Man,
That dare doe more than *Alexander* can.
Oroo. You make me blush at what I can't deserve;
Such praise my modesty must not observe.
Lys. Cease *Oroondates*; mark the threatning shower
That hangs o're us —— To morrow brings the hour,
When both our Loves shall feel Tyrannick power.
Besides your self, there is one wretched more,
Who *Barsatis* does in vain adore;
Yet there's a glimpse of hope my fate procures,
Which I will follow, that is not in yours:
Statira ne're can hope to be your wife,
Without attempt on *Alexander*'s life:

The Gods protect the greatest King from harms;
But had *Ephestion Parisatis* hand,
Though bound by Hymenyal sacred Charmes;
Without the aw of Duty or command,
I'de snatch him out of hers, and *Alexander*'s Armes.

Enter to them Ephestion.

Look where this lov'd *Ephestion* does appear.
Oroo. Let him not see that we are talking here.
Lys. This moment is an Age while you retire.
Exeunt Oroondates, *and* Araxis.
Eph. Lysimachus, I come at your desire;
I read your looks and understand your sign,
And hope you did not misinterpret mine;
Though you have call'd me from my only bliss,
And greatest pleasure that on Earth there is.
Lys. For all that I can say, it is decreed,
That you'l run on, and Love with fatal speed.
Eph. To morrow e're the Sun forsake the Morne,
A bride shall be by *Parisatis* worne,
And thou a poor neglected Rival burn.
The Gods with musick of the spheres shall move,
And fill the Temple with delights above,
To usher *Alexander's*, and *Ephestion's* Love.
Lys. Tw'ere fit before, that you your self went there,
And did in time this Heav'nly Masque prepare;
'Twill ease the Gods of an important care
Darest thou defend thy false, and treacherous flame?
Eph. Against the Starres in *Parisatis* name.
Lys. Those Starres are angry, and, thy life conspire;
Therefore desist, and from her Love retire:
Feed not thy youth with such a vain design;
For by the Gods, she never shall be thine.
Eph. The Gods are pleas'd and will in time fulfill,
What they'v decreed in *Alexander*'s will;
But you are Mad. I'le give you leave to talk.
Lys. Follow me then into the *Cyprus* walk.
Eph. Go on; I fear not all thy strength, and ods.
Lys. Nor I, wert thou the Minion of the Gods.
Eph. I follow thee —— May *Parisatis* charmes
Crown but my Love, as Love shall Crown my Arms. [*Exeunt* Omnes

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quintus, Scæna Prima.

Alexander *discover'd in torment*, Statira, Bagistanes, *And* Captains.

Alex. O There it went, and struck through ev'ry part;
The hand that from my Bosom pul'd a Dart
Ne're felt me tremble with the sudain smart;
But this like lightening parches every vein,
And lends to death a thousand spears in pain.
What have I done ye Gods that you give o're?
Was I so great that I cou'd be no more?
Great *Jove*, did my vast name so ponderous stand,
Not to be fix'd by thy immortal hand?
Ephestion —— Ah the Torment that I feel;
The world turnes guiddy and begins to reel,
Leans on one side, and shewes its fatal keel
Sta. Heav'n keep the thought of treason from your mind;
The Gods be to your noble life more kind;
I wish by *Methres* I had bin your wife,
Rather than you shou'd think I hate your life
Alex. Far be my soul from such a thought possest,
That Sin should dwell in your Illustrious breast.
Sta. Ah may you find more worlds, and them subdue,
If you can be so kind to think me true.
Alex. Most generous Princess, by the Gods I do:
All that besides a God can feel, I'le bear,
And think no mortal man such treason dare;
If such a Monster on the Earth were bred,
Through all my pangs of Death, I'de look him dead.
I'de pull back life, and wou'd that strength recall,
Which held the world, and on his head wou'd let it fall.
Bag. Send for *Physitians* Sir, to give you ease,
That will consult, and find out your disease.
Alex. That were to storm my life with greater force;
Physitians were invented for a Curse,
To plague Mankind, and make diseases worse.
Phil. Who knowes, but your distemper is the same,
When after bathing in cold *Cydims* flood,
No sooner you out of the water came,
But such unusual paines did seise your Blood.
Alex. Oh there it hit me with a fatal blow;
That when I'de hold of life, it made me bow,

Loosing my hands and faintly let it go ——
Ephestion —— Where's *Ephestion* ? —— Run, straight, fly ;
Shall I not see *Ephestion* ere I dy ?
What have you done with him ? Go fetch him straight ; ——
D'ye stand ? —— Go fetch him e're it be too late.
[*Exit one of the* Captaines, Alex. *turnes to* Statira *weeping*
Strange tickling paines through all my senses creep,
With joy in Anguish bred, to see you weep. ——
O save those tears you shed, each pretious drop,
The wealth thereof a sinking State wou'd prop.
Sta. Weak, and defenceless my poor grief appears ;
Cou'd I but with these Floods your paines disperse ;
I'de melt my heart, and weep it out in tears, ——
Alex. My dear *Ephestion* I shall never find !
Sta. How fares that heart, the greatest of Mankind ?
Alex. As he whose spirit does contemn his fate,
Bearing a heavy burthen on his Back,
Stretches, and rises with the mighty weight :
Such strength brave minds from their misfortunes take. ——
Madam, the time will come that I'le ly low ;
This lofty tow'ring Pinacle must bow,
And you'l be rid of this great Man that made a show ;
As a bright Star, the darling of the sky,
That you behold so glorious, and so high,
Drops on a sudain from your wondering Eye.
Sta. Oh say not so, unless you take me too,
Or stay you here and let me dy for you.
Alex. I will not dy : You'l see that I can rise,
Blest by your hand, and guided by your Eyes ——
[Alex. *rises up supported by* Statira.
Ephestion come, we will new worlds obtain,
Let loose the old and hunt it o're again.

Enter to them Ephestion *wounded, led in by* Parisatis, *and* a Captain. Ephestion *and* Parisatis *sit down on one side of* Alexander, *and* Statira *on the other*

Eph. O bear me quickly ; do not let me stay ——
But if you stir you take my life away. [*to* Par. *Offering to unhand him.*
Break wretched heart, 'Tis time for thee to end ——
Ephestion's dearest soul ; *Ephestion's* Friend ; [*throwes himself on* Alex.
What ails the joy of Men, and Gods above ?
Speak dearest of my heart, dearer than Love.
Alex. He's faint, and pale, and his poor heart does bleed ——
It streames —— O Gods ! Who did this bloody deed ?
Traitors of Hell, y'ave shew'd your utmost wrath. ——

Ephestion !

Ephestion! soul, there's treason on us both.
I can the Authour of My death forgive;
But he that kill'd *Ephestion* shall not live.
That God who raign'd auspitious at my birth, [*Offers to rise*
Lend me the strength, with which I held the Earth;
Cassander, and my Bands of *Macedon*,
I'le fetch my self, and kill' em ev'ry one.
Eph. Ah sit you still, and rest this Noble heart;
You than my wounds do give a greater smart.
Lysimachus I urg'd this wound to make,
And we both fought for *Parisatis* sake.
Alex. Lives 'e ye Gods? Go fetch him instantly;
Let me the pleasure have to see him dy,
Then let my soul with satisfaction fly, ——
Now, now a thousand daggers peirce my skull:
Restless, as on a Bed of spikes I roll.
Yet I will bear it, by the Gods I can;
I'le live to have you all condemn'd and slain,
If they will grant *Ephestion's* health again.
Eph. Ah mind not mine, whiles you neglect your own;
Long may you live, and Guide us like the Sun,
And we shine by your light, as does the Moon.
Leave not the world to be by fate betraid,
And us to dwell in everlasting shade.
Ah *Parisatis*! ——
Let not my Rival shew the King his face;
But keep him ever in that blessed space,
Safe in the circled Armes of your embrace;
The Gods should not have forc'd me from that place
Had I been there ——
Par. I'le pull him from my Breast, ——
And you shall dwell my soul's Eternal Guest.
Alex. Statira! Oh *Ephestion*, how I burn!
Sta. Ye Gods! Now all my griefes again return!
I did not think there cou'd be yet a cross,
That I cou'd mourn after *Darius* loss.
Eph. Ah *Parisatis*! ——
It is in vain, the pity you impart;
My death admits of Rivals by no Art. ——
Give me your hand —— The Gods are so severe, [*to Par.*
To grant life hence; but then to snatch it here. [*to Alex.*
Look down O heav'n and your own Actions mourn;
Releive the greatest Man that e're was born.
Thou great, thou only excellently good,
Heres Love, and freindship swallow'd in a Flood,
And drown'd in stormes of sighes, and tears of blood

O the last drop that trickles from my heart!
I wish ye Gods, 'twere Nectar to his smart. [*fainting*
Alex. He's gone —— see too the furious and rebellious Sun,
Slave to the many Battails I have won,
Ha's in this very moment broke his chain,
And in revenge shot all his fire into my Brain.
The Gallant Eagle too, that o're my head,
So oft in sign of Victory has fled,
Shook with the terrour of my fate, lyes dead.
I'le search *Joves* Lap, where brighter Eagles are, ——
'Tis a great way —— I'le mount on yonder Star. ——
See Madam, see, above the blew pav'd sky,
Do you not see my dear *Ephestion* fly?
Eph. Lo dearest Son of *Phillip*, here am I:
I'le rob once more this treasure of my health.
And safely in his bosom lodge the wealth,
Stealing to him insensibly this kiss,
And in his breast will transmigrate the bliss.
[Eph. *kisses* Paris. *hand, then turns to* Alex.
See thou belov'd thy *Macedonian* Boy,
Brings the last fruites of his expiring joy.
Think who thou art, thou Royal Son of *Jove*;
Revive that heart, that does *Ephestion* Love;
See I can never from this Center move.
Alex. Ah my *Ephestion*, art thou yet alive!
What sawcy Spirit told me thou wert dead?
Eph. I will not dye if thou wilt cease to grieve,
But live to see more Crowns adorn your head:
May ne're such Love their frozen spirits warm,
That did the God-like *Alexander* harm.
How fares my heart? How favours i'ts disease?
Alex. Believe me Boy that I am all o're ease;
The thoughts of this does ev'en deaths horrour please.
I will *Lysimachus* his Pardon give,
And will do any thing, if thou wilt live:
Thou art my darling hopes; if thou art slain,
When I am dead, who shall the world maintain?
Or who for these fair Queens, *Darius* loss regain?

Enter to them Lysimachus *threatning the Guards, who keep off.*

Lys. Be gone —— Who does not instantly depart,
By all the Gods, this dagger's in his heart.
I need no Guards to call my duty home;
Faster I'le fly than you can make me come.
Ah Sir believe me I my life despise;

Think you I'le live to see death close your Eyes?
Down at your feet your faithful Subject lyes,
Whose life for you's an humble sacrifice.
I did *Ephestion* wound, and that I did,
I beg that I may suffer for the deed. [Lys. *kneels*
Par. Thou mighty soul, look with a gracious Eye;
[Sta. *and* Par. *kneels*
Ah pardon him, and be a God more high, ——
See who 'tis kneels, *Statira*'tis and I.
Sta. Breath life, thou great, and only God-like man.
Alex. Spare him that style, who nothing does nor can.
My mind indeed, that struggles with my fate,
But holds my shatter'd purposes too late,
Shews I am *Alexander* yet, but no more great.
Eph. By all the dearest Love that dwelt in us,
Forgive, forgive the brave *Lysimachus*.
Alex. And doest thou beg his fatal lifes reprieve. —— [*to* Eph.
Rise then, and thanks to poor *Ephestion* give. [*to* Lys.
Lys. Still I am curst and have no right to breath,
Nor wish to live till you are free from death;
Thou more Illustrious than the God of war,
Dark as in hell we all benighted are,
To see thee drop down from us like a falling Star.

Enter to them Cassander *supported by two of the Guards.*

Cass. Quick, quickly bear me e're ——
I sink into the Concaves of the Earth.
Eph. What horrid scene of death is this? What birth
Has the base world in this one day of fate brought forth?
Alex. Thou look'st as if this Tale thou woud'st unfold,
Be breif *Cassander*, thou wert ever bold.
Cass. I by the fury of thy fate am hurl'd,
And sent to fetch thee to another world.
Does not th' Ambition start, to here it sai'd,
New wreathes of Conquests shall adorn thy head;
Lawrels that time ne're kills, nor envy fades,
But flourish thick in everlasting shades,
'Tis past thy own proud heart to be again ——
By *Jove*, great *Alexander* thou art slain;
Thou canst not live an hour ——
Eph. Forbid O heaven! ——
Sta. And the all mighty Sun. ——
Eph. Unsay what thou hast said. ——
Alex. Let him go on. ——
Cass. Hadst thou a thousand lives to guard thy soul,

In

In *Hercules* his cup th'ast lost 'em all,
And drown'd thy self in that immortal bowl.
This in revenge of blood the Gods have done,
Much for the world, but more for *Macedon*,
For *Clytus*, brave *Parmenio*, and his Son.
Eph. Where was this treason damn'd in Hell begot?
Alex. Live, and discover who was in the plot.
Cass. Tis he whose name shall never be forgot,
But live, when by this deed his does expire
That did *Diana's* Temple set on fire;
With greif, that he did touch this man of heaven,
To whom rich Nature all her stock has given,
Consulting those above, who joyn'd to fit
Thy soul for all things admirably great;
Till so injust, and fall'n to that degree,
Thou most ingratfully a God would'st be,
And *Phillip* for thy Father didst disown,
Lifting to heav'n thy humble *Macedon*;
Kill'd thy best ferinds that all thy faults wou'd shew,
And none but to curst flatterers wou'dst bow;
Ravish'd the widdows teares, and virgins smiles,
And all the wealth of nature turn'd to spoyles;
Led by a whore, to gratifie thy lust,
Didst turn the fam'd *Persepolis* to dust.
Lys. Ah let me send him to eternall night.
Alex. Still let him rail; I'le hear him with delight,
And dare death, and the villaines utmost spite.
Cass. Thou like a Plague wert through all Nations sent,
Till the kind Gods in pity now relent,
And throw away their wrathful instrument.
I kill'd thee, and do glorying in it dy,
To have it said hereafter, this did I;
Nor wou'd the Credit of't for life exchange;
For I have done it in the worlds revenge:
And this cou'd never be too dearly bought,
Therefore my self has pledg'd thee in a larger draught.
Alex. Base dog, thou in thy lateſt breath doest ly;
I scorn to dy the death that you shalt dy. ——
Bring him to me, to put him out of doubt,
Crush him, till he shall spue his poyson out;
Then kill him — No. but be a killing still,
An Age, till I from heav'n descend, and tell,
What new found plagues shall scourge his soul in Hell.
Eph. Ah where's the place from whence our soules do meet,
I'le suck the poyson out, and call it sweet.
[*Whiles the Guards offer to seize* Cass. *he makes a motion to stab himself.*

Cass.

Caſſ. It is in vain; for though my life be ſhort,
I'le haſten it, and o'pe another port.
Alex. Guid my remaining ſtrength, this darted Rod—
Thus aim'd I, and thus ſtruck I like a God,
[Alex. *throwes a dart, and kills* Caſſander.
Caſſ. Thou haſt but ſpurr'd my life that elſe was free;
This is the only ſtroak I car'd to ſee,
And is the laſt I e're ſhall take from thee.
Prepare ye Gods, and make us mighty Room.
For *Alexander*, and his fate are come. [Caſſander *dyes.*
Eph. How clouded o're with guilt his ſoul does flye,
Like gloomy night, and darkens all the ſky
Alex. The Villain has ſaid true; I muſt depart.
I ſenſibly perceive the poys'nous ſmart
Burnes in my Brain, and feedes upon my heart;
The curſed Juice will not it ſelf confine,
But in a moment more will break the mine.
Eph. Your words like death through all my veins diſperſe;
You kill me quite at what you do rehearſe:
If you but talk of dying, I'le make haſt
And ſhun that ſight; I cannot be the laſt;
You ſhake the Glaſs that elſe does run too faſt.
I'le tear theſe Wounds, and ſpoil the ſurgeons art,
And kill my ſelf, er'e you from me depart.
Can you ſo cruel be, ſuch thoughts to own,
To leave your dear *Epheſtion* here alone?
Leave, let me go —— To ſtay this threatning harm,
And ſave the widow'd world, the Gods will arm.
Alex. Ah ſpare more words, that ſpeed thy parting breath;
Thy Love augments the danger of thy death:
Look up *Epheſtion*, ſee who's by thy ſide;
Fate cannot either of our ſoules divide;
Our lives together in one chain are ty'd.
Eph. I will, I will, ev'n my laſt look afford;
As long as I can live, I'le keep my word;
But dy I muſt, and then I'le mount all prayer;
If there's a God will lend a feeling Eare,
I'le charm the deity, till I can gain
Immortal pitty to aſſwage your pain.
The dark, and ſecret book of Fate I'le read,
And know what of the world's great King's decreed.
Alex. Now I begin to ſurfeit with the drink.
Eph. Is there no aid? O ſpeak, oh do, O think. ——
Chill death ſhall quickly freeze up all my veines,
Like iceeles I'le drop upon thy ſcorching paines ——
Come cloſe thou dear —— Thus gently as we twine,

When I am dead, lay my cold breſt to thine,
And there, in ſpite of all thy fire, I'le freeze,
As ſnow upon the burning *Etna* lyes. [Eph. *begins to faint*
Alex. Stay pretious Boy, another look reſtore;
Spare but my happineſs on moment more ——
Ah 'tis not I, 'tis thou that art unkind;
And cruel too, to leave me here behind ——
Stay my ſoules ſoul, there is ſome hope remaines;
Theſe floods of grief have quench'd my ſcorching paines;
I am not ſick, my ſenſes all are free,
And feel no burning, but with Love of thee.
Eph. Ah let me go before it be too late
For heaven to puniſh thy unlucky fate ——
Happy *Lyſimachus*, my Rival bee,
In her, but him you muſt not envy me,
Alex. A thouſand Adders bask within my ſkul,
With heat ingender, all my Braines are full ——
Where is *Epheſtion*? Have you let him go? ——
O for a world; a world made up of ſnow
How I cou'd plunge, till I did melt it down,
And make more havock than the ſcorching Sun.
Sta. Ah ſay y'are well or make him ſo believe.
For 'tis in ſearch of you his ſenſes grieve.
Alex. See, ſee the Battailes Joyn —— Beat, beat the Drumes,
Bucephalus inrag'd he champs and foames;
Darius with his hooked Charriots comes. ——
Wheres old *Parmenio*? Let more Trumpets ſound;
How his proud horſe does beat the fearful ground!
Haſte, haſte —— *Epheſtion*'s routed in the wing, ——
Now, now they have inclos'd him in a Ring ——
Heark how they ſhout, and clap their hands for joy,
The Gods have raviſh'd my beloved Boy!
Eph. Look deareſt *Alexander*, yet I live ——
This is a greater ſtroak than death can give.
Lyſ. Ah Royal Sir, ſtay till you have decreed,
Who o're the mighty world ſhall you ſucceed.
Alex. A deadly froſt hath peirc'd my ſenſes through;
O! I am fall'n int'an Abyſſe of ſnow
Something like cold dew-drops about my heart does move
Warme me *Epheſtion*, warme me with thy Love.
The worthyſt man amongſt you ſhall be King;
To him that ownes that title give this Ring.
Yet ſomewhat elſe there is I'me prone to do;
That is *Statira*, to be juſt to you ——
Be you of all your fathers Crownes poſſeſt,
And be you too with *Oxyartes* bleſt. ——

Sta. Ah hold, with kindneſs now you wound me more,
Than all your preſecution did before;
Witneſs ye Gods, to whom my ſoul is known,
With how much ſorrow I embrace my own.
Eph. Now ends his roughneſs in a calm delight;
As weſterne winde are often laid at night:
Thus ſilent falls the ſweeteſt of mankind,
Softer than bloſſomes carried by the wind!
Alex. Now let us mount, and then for ever joyn,
Like two twin-ſtarres, that do together ſhine,
Still guiding o're the world our heav'nly parts;
Whileſt I rule Monarchs, thou ſhalt govern hearts.
Eph. Come *Alexander* then, if we muſt go,
Let's Raign above, and make a glorious ſhow.
[Eph. *kiſſes* Par. *hand, then turns to* Alex.
Farwell thou deareſt Love —— Come deareſt friend; ——
Thus like too Cherubims we'l both aſcend;
Whiles guarded ſo, by friendſhip, and by Love,
We go prepar'd to meet the joyes above.
Alex. Why wilt thou dy? with thee's all ſweetneſs gone;
More rare than *Perſia* offers to i'ts Sun
The Violets perfum'd, and purple creſt,
Or *Phœnix* burning it 'its ſpicey neſt,
Breath not ſo ſweet an odour, as thy Breaſt.
Eph. Now, now my ſpirit 'fore my Ey-ſight ſweepes ——
Let us begin our Journy on our Lipps. [*they kiſſe.*
Alex. This kiſſe in which thy lateſt Breath does fleet,
No dew that falls from heav'n is half ſo ſweet ——
Stay, ſtay —— I will not let thee get the ſtart ——
Take all with thee, each Atome of my heart. ——
Now, now I have thee juſt before my Ey; ——
Epheſtion, now ——
Eph. Now let's together fly —— [*both dy*
Phil. Now I am ſure that the great deed is done,
I'l haſte and tell the news in *Macedon.* [*exit.*
Par. He's gone ——
Sta. He's gone, the life-ſpring of as all ——
A heav'nly Legion waits his ſoul in view.
What miſeries ſhall all mankind befall!
Lyſ. Nature ſhou'd melt it ſelf into a dew,
And the whole world into diſorder fall.
And mourn in Chaos at thy funeral.
Stat. He is not dead, or I am not alive ——
It cannot be ——
Lyſ. Ceaſe Madam, ceaſe to grieve ——
Bag. What ſhall we do? Ah, what is to be done?

Lyſ. Call all the Captaines, call 'em every one;
Tell 'em the worlds, and their great Maſter's gone. [*Exit* Bagiſtanes.
Bear forth *Caſſander's* Body ——
Which limb from limb wild horſes having tore,
Then let his ſcatter'd joynts the Dogs devour.
[Caſſander's *Body is carried forth.*

Enter to them Oroondates, *and* Araxis.

Ah *Oroondates* you are come too late ——
Behold the ſad great Miracle of fate.
Oroo. Too ſoon I fear to ſuch a diſmal ſight,
The news whereof did my firme ſoul affright;
What, is he dead? By heaven he is not ſure!
Thus look'd he, the ſame awful viſage wore,
When he diſpers'd with wonder Love, and power. ——
See too, the richeſt fruit of Natures pride,
And mourning Love lyes bleeding by his ſide. ——
How do the Gods like Children with us play!
Firſt ſhew the world in ſplendour, fine, and gay,
Then on a ſuddain ſnatch the gawdy Toy away.
This who like Heav'n peirc'd thunder moſt divine,
And lightned where the Sun durſt never ſhine.
That div'd though all the ſecrets of the Earth;
Saw more than ever yet did humane Birth,
Does fall i'th' Crowd, and undiſtinguiſh'd paſs;
Leaving but fame, that ſuch a man there was.
Ah my *Statira*! weep no more divine;
I did not think ſuch ſhowers cou'd cloud thy ſhine,
And dark the day, when I ſhou'd call thee mine.
Inſtead of *Alexander*, heav'n does lend
Lyſimachus, our brave, and noble Freind.
Sta. Who wou'd not ſhrink at ſuch a day of doome?
Lyſ. Spare Love a while, and when the Captaines come,
We'l ſtraight to Councel; then if I have power,
To *Pariſatis* I will *Perſia's* Crown reſtore
To give to whom ſhe pleaſe ——
Par. If this be true ——
I with my ſelf, will give it back to you.
Lyſ. You when you pleaſe, ſhall then to *Scythia* go,
And bright *Statira* your lov'd Queen indow.
Oroo. Now I will call thee Brother ——
Lyſ. But how dear —— [*looking on the Bodyes*
We purchaſe pleaſure, almoſt with deſpair. ——

Re-enter to them Bagiſtanes *with the Captaines, making a full ſtage.*

See

See Valiant, ſouldiers; look with wonder there.
Omnes. O horrour! Plagues! Revenge!
Cap. H'as ſuch a dread ——
We dare not look upon him now he's dead,
But as on Gods with reverent ſurpriſe,
And pay our Adorations from our Eyes.
Cap. We hear *Antipater* has late rebell'd;
And as all *Greece* his King, has took the field.
Cap. Now all will out —— *Phillip* they ſay is fled,
And had a hand in this moſt horrid deed.
Lyſ. I knew *Caſſander* cou'd not this have done,
Had not the Father joyn'd in treaſon with the ſon.
Straight in the Hall erect a golden Throne;
There ſeat the King all glorious as the ſun,
A Scepter in his hand, and on his head a Crown.
That Throne in which he did commands diſperſe
Through the tam'd world, and aw'd the Univerſe.
Proclaim a loud to heav'nshigh Arch, that there,
The Deputies of all the world appear,
Whileſt we in Council ſit, agreed in power,
To name this mighty man a Succeſſour;
Then we will arm for juſt revenge, and Fame;
And conquer ſtill in *Alexander's* Name.

[*Exeunt* Omnes

FINIS

EPILOGUE.

YOur looks already have begun to name,
Which was the moſt, we, or the Play too blame:
With faults of ours good natures may diſpence,
But juſtly tax the Poets want of Sence.
That after your lov'd Alexander dare
Bring this with all your likings to compare,
A Play with Scenes and Acting ſo admir'd,
As if the Souls they play'd had them inſpir'd.
So 'tis with her that has an ugly face,
Proud of falſe charmes, and her affected grace,
Sits by ſome cry'd up Beauty of the Town,
And imitates each glance that's not her own,
And when ſome Gallant from the Pit doth bow,
O how ſhe ſnatches it and court'ſies low!
The careleſs Beauty then ſits by the while,
Kills with a frown, and raiſes with a ſmile; ——
Yet this excuſe upon the Authors ſcore,
This though come laſt, was writ a year before.
Lik't as you pleaſe, the great Dons of our Houſe,
Themſelves would fain have had the Play from us,
But frankly and generouſly our Author ſtakes
His purſe and credit rather for our ſakes.
Be but ſo kind as he to us has been,
In hopes to further merit he'l begin
And ſave the trembling Soul that waits within.
To th' Ladies, to you Wits he now does call,
For like a drowning man he catches at you all.
Spare him this once, and ſave him now perplext,
And he'l turn Bully Poet by the next.

FINIS.